THE LAND WE LOVE.

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SKETCH OF GENERAL ASHBY.*

We learn from Mr. Avirett's charming book that Gen. Ashby was born at Rose Bank, Fauquier county, Virginia, on the 23rd October, 1828, being the third of six children. Mr. Avirett thus speaks of the home of the General, and his characteristics in youth and early manhood :

"'Rose Bank,' the homestead of the Ashbys, (now a heap of blackened ruins,) was situated on a beautiful eminence, near the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, in what is most appropriately called the Piedmont country, and was surrounded by wild and picturesque scenery. At the foot of the eminence on which it stood, and in full view, ran Goose Creek, a dashing, sparkling mountain stream, just breaking away from the mountains above, among which it rises. These mountains were filled with deer and wild turkeys, ever tempting the boys to indulge in the invigorating sports of the field.

"The father of General Ashby was the man of all others who would exercise a powerful influence over his children; but when Turner was just beginning to take on character, in his sixth year, the father was called upon to pay Nature's greatest and last debt, and his remains were followed to the grave by his sorrowing household. Colonel Ashby had been an officer in the war of 1812, and during his military life had kept a diary, which was the constant companion of his son Turner, as soon as he was able to read. From it, more than from any other source, save his mother, he learned his father's character, and many of the parental views and traits were reflected in his subsequent life. The study of this diary taught him, when he became an officer, to regard and treat his privates as fellow-beings entitled to love, respect, and sympathy.

* The Memoirs of General Turner Ashby, By Rev. James B. Avirett. Baltimore : Selby & Dulany :

"Upon the Colonel's death, the whole charge of the household devolved upon the mother, who, by nature and education, was fully equal to this responsible trust. Mrs. Ashby, in whom a taste for literature and flowers predominated, soon collected a fine library, and by persevering industry and care covered 'Rose Bank' with a profusion of flowers and rare shrubbery. But whilst she was careful to make their home as beautiful and attractive as possible, she by no means neglected the cultivation of the minds and hearts of her children. She took care to employ good teachers in her family, and whilst their minds were cultivated under all the happy safeguards of home, was not less careful of their physical education; her boys were taught, like the young Medes in the days of Cyrus, to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth. As a child, Gen. Ashby was not promising in appearance, being small of stature, and inheriting the dark complexion of the Greens, through his mother. In his habits, he was retiring and reserved, grave and thoughtful, but with a manly and unselfish spirit, ever ready to stand up in defence of the weak, or to resent an injustice done either to himself or to his sisters or brothers; his devotion to his mother was unbounded, and he always considered the honor and interests of each member of his family as his own. He was fond of books, and generally preferred history. It was the custom of Mrs. Ashby to gather her household around her, and pass the evening in reading some well selected volume, the group passing the book from one to the other, thus heightening the interest and increasing the general benefit.—It has been mentioned that Mrs. Ashby afforded her children every advantage of education within her power. It has been a custom in many families in the South to employ teachers from the North, and among those thus employed at 'Rose Bank,' was a brother of Judge John C. Underwood, of evil fame and name. As the children grew older, they were sent away to school, but so admirably had the mother succeeded in making home and its pleasures attractive, especially to Turner, that she found great difficulty in inducing him to remain abroad. His local attachments were very strong, and no Swiss peasant ever loved his mountain cot more ardently than did this young Virginian his own 'Rose Bank.' At length, Mrs. Ashby placed him at school at Major Ambler's, in the neighborhood, where he became very fond of his teacher and schoolmates. His generous, unselfish disposition soon won him the admiration and affection of the band of noble youths here at school, among whom may be mentioned the Amblers, Striblings, and Marshalls, and there grew up a friendship which was as unfading as the laurel on the neighboring mountains. One of these very schoolmates, in a letter to the writer, says: 'General Ashby, as a boy, was remarkable for his contempt of danger, and his freedom from the vices common

among boys; he was never known to swear, or to use profane language. His contempt of danger was exhibited nearly every day; whenever the creek was swollen by heavy rains, he might be seen in it, breasting the torrent above the waterfalls, where a failure would dash him to pieces on the rocks below; whenever a colt was found too wild and vicious to be ridden by any one else in the neighborhood, it was his pleasure to mount and tame him. In combats with his schoolfellows, whilst he was always brave and stubborn in the fight, after it was over he was always ready to forgive and forget.'

"Richard, his younger brother, was his constant companion, and the boys were taught at home to love each other very tenderly. Turner, as the elder, would watch over his brother with almost maternal care, would side with him in all his difficulties, and, if it came to blows, would insist upon fighting for him, though Richard would object to this, as he thought himself fully able to fight his own battles. In the formation of his character, happily blending gentleness with manliness, (but another name for chivalry,) his sister informs the writer that when he would return from school, he would take great pleasure in joining the girls in their in-door sports, kindly arranging their playthings and doll-houses with his own hands, and 'was always doing some kind act to make us love him.' At an early age, a singularly pleasing trait of character was developed—perfect unselfishness. A little incident in the life at 'Rose Bank' will illustrate this. Turner, indulging his boyish taste for pets, had managed to secure a wolf, which soon became very fond of him. Soon, perceiving that 'Lupus' was the terror of the children in the neighborhood, he gave up his pet, determining that his little friends should not be alienated from him by any selfish indulgence.

"Among the earliest tastes which he developed, was that of a passionate fondness for horses, and he liked to have the entire control of his own. As he scarcely remembered the time when he could not ride, so upon growing older he became marked as the best and boldest rider among a circle of youths all of whom were good horsemen, whether trial of horsemanship were made at the tournament, hurdle-race, or fox-chase.

"It will be borne in mind that the Cavaliers, who settled Virginia, faithfully transmitted to their posterity, among much that was noble, some objectionable tastes and customs. Among them, few were more unobjectionable than fox-hunting; aside from the waste of time and neglect of business consequent upon its indulgence, it was healthful, invigorating, and free from many of the worst features of other kinds of sport common in the South twenty-five or thirty years ago. Young Ashby was very fond of the chase, which frequently led him many miles from home. As a gentle, unobtrusive lad, he is still remembered by the older persons residing in Fauquier, but better by the younger as the sin-

gularly daring and fearless rider who led the hunt, ever as glad to welcome the ringing notes of the hunting-horn, awakening the echoes of the hills at early dawn, and summoning its lovers to a day of sport, as he was to catch the first notes of the reveillé, in later days, summoning him to combat and to glory."

We refer the reader to the deeply interesting book itself, and will give only one more extract, that which describes the death of the illustrious soldier:

"We fell back slowly before the advance of the enemy, and halted some three or four miles from Harrisonburg for the purpose of resting the tired infantry. The command 'Rest!' had scarcely been obeyed, when we were startled by the rattle of small arms and the yell we knew so well came from Ashby's boys in the headlong charge. A few minutes sufficed to tell the tale. The first prisoner brought to the rear, a private soldier, in reply to our interrogations, said, Percy Wyndham had met the man he had so long sought, and he didn't think he'd care about seeing him soon again, 'for,' to use his own language, 'we've been smashed all to flinders.' Prisoners were now brought in in numbers, and among them the redoubtable Wyndham himself, whose chagrin at his mishap, I shall long remember. Ashby had been entirely successful in his repulse of Wyndham's attack. It was, perhaps, two hours after, that orders came for three regiments of infantry to retrace the steps they had taken in the morning, and we felt sure from the command being accompanied by General Ewell in person, that some serious work was on hand. The regiments selected were the Fifty-eighth and Forty-fourth Virginia, and the First Maryland.

"After moving through the woods for some distance, we were met by General Ashby, when the command was halted, and two companies of the 1st Maryland thrown forward as skirmishers under the immediate eye, or, I may say, command of Ashby. The reserves followed closely, and, in half an hour, three or four shots announced that the enemy was near. The 58th was ordered up and soon became hotly engaged. The fire of the enemy was very deadly, and the 58th recoiled before it. Ashby was everywhere, encouraging and animating his men, until at last his horse was struck by a bullet and went down. Springing to his feet, and waving his sword over his head, he rushed forward, calling to his men to follow. He had not taken half a dozen steps, when he fell, pierced through the body by a musket-ball, and died almost instantly. No dying words issued from his lips, and the last command he was heard to give was, 'Forward, my brave men!'"

STONEWALL JACKSON.

When the rage of the North sent her myrmidons forth,
And Virginia—proud mother of States!—
First chosen for pillage, saw homestead and village
Succumb to the pitiless fates,
With a comet-like dash, with a lightning-like flash,
Eclipsing her own radiant story,
In Jehovah's dread name, wreaking vengeance he came—
Her youngest-born scion of glory.

'The foe-men! where are they?' This alone was *his* parley,
As o'er mountain and torrent he flew;
No ice could delay him, no darkness dismay him;
Starved, thirsting, yet sterner he grew;
He paused not to slumber, he recked not of number;
But, a cloud on the hurricane's breath,
He flashed out the fire of God's scathing ire,
And gave thee rich banquets, oh! Death!

What deed that he dared not? what peril he shared not?
Intuition her torch held to light him.
Relentless chastiser, sententious adviser,
To discover the foe was to fight him.
Of the wisdom that lies in the night and the skies
He took counsel, with knee to the sod.
His devices he bared not, for favor he cared not,
Since he held his commission from God.

MANASSAS! yet white to the awe-stricken sight,
With thy bones like a glimmering pall!
RAPPAHANNOC! still lost to the blustering host—
Ye blood-deluged battle-fields all!
Bear, bear into story with your own crimson glory,
So long as the ages revolve,
The name and the fame of that spirit of flame—
The man of undaunted resolve!

Still northward we'll bear him, and a grave we'll prepare him,
In the face of the foe he ne'er fled.
With the calm of the blest he'll take his deep rest,
Though invasion should sweep o'er his head.

But if the blue heaven be suddenly riven,
And thunder, announced by no gleam,
Should his cannon resemble, and the pillagers tremble,
The grim sleeper may smile in his dream!

Savannah, Ga. H. R. JACKSON.

COMPARATIVE GENERALSHIP.

But let us come to the promised sketch of Grant's campaign. He himself is reported to have said to an English gentleman, since the war, that though he had often been said to have been beaten, he had to be beaten for the first time yet. So it was stated by a correspondent in an English newspaper. We think he is mistaken. We think it can be shown that he was not only beaten on more than one occasion, but that he was very well aware of the fact.

At Belmont, for instance, when his forces were three to one, he was routed, pursued several miles by our troops, who tracked his men the whole way by the arms and knapsacks they had thrown away, by the dead and dying strewn along the line of flight and by the capture of his surgical head quarters, where they found a yard full of blankets, coats, knapsacks, and wounded men, with the surgeons attending them, and he was followed to his very boats, on which his men tumbled heels over head, and rushed to the opposite side to get out of fire, with so much tumult that guards with bayonets were placed to keep them off lest they should sink the boats. Even in their boats they had to run the gauntlet of a heavy fire from our sharp-shooters on the bank for more than a mile.—If that was not a defeat, Bull Run or Waterloo was not.

His next appearance was at Fort Donelson, in February 1862. Sidney Johnston, lying at the Bowling Green with 23,000 men, detached 11,000 of them to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river, built there to guard the approach to Nashville. The whole garrison, after reïnforcement, was about 12,500 strong. Grant appeared before it with 30,000 men, and attempted, in vain, for several days, to carry it by storm. Our forces were successful in repelling every attack made by the enemy, who were reïnforced every movement. Before the affair was over, Grant had before the place, eighty-two regiments, which must have contained, in the aggregate, 60,000 men, at a moderate calculation, and a naval force stronger by many degrees, than the whole combined fleet of the Confederate States. The place at last surrendered, our total loss, in men,

was about 5,500, more than half had escaped, and we killed and wounded double that number. The Northern prints, with a characteristic regard for truth, stated our loss at 15,000, two thousand more than we had in the fort, and headed their columns with these figures, in type an inch long.

General Sidney Johnston retreated to Murfreesborough, and from there marched to Corinth, to unite his forces with those of General Beauregard, at Corinth. To these were added two divisions of General Polk's command.—Several regiments from Louisiana, and some troops from Mobile, which increased Gen. Johnston's command to about 35,000, were all admirable troops. About the first of April, Grant crossed the Tennessee, and took post near Pittsburg landing. He had given his enemy five weeks to rally, and he had, as we have seen, taken advantage of it. Why he did this, we do not know. It may have been military, it certainly was not *Napoleonic*, nor was it after the *Stonewall Jackson* fashion. Neither of these officers would have given Johnston a moment to rest, far less five weeks. If Jackson had been a Federal officer, and had had in his hands an army of 50,000 men, on the day of the surrender of Fort Donelson, Johnston and Beauregard never would have gotten together. But so it was, about the first of April, Grant lay at Pittsburg landing with 50,000 men, and was writing letters every day to Buell to hurry up, from Columbus, with the 35,000 or 40,000 under his command. Johnston resolved to attack him in that position, before Buell could come up. He was, unfortunately, one day later than he expected to be, having been unavoidably detained by horrible roads, horrible weather, and the tangled forest country he was obliged to pass through.—However, he attacked him on the 6th of April, a little before sunrise, carried one position, made him retreat to another, carried that and made him retreat to a third, carried that, and swept everything before him, taking nearly all his guns, of which he had 108, when he, himself, was killed. General Beauregard assumed the command, and continued the battle until the enemy was driven, on the run, to the very brink of the river, thousands of men sheltering themselves under the banks. A single push, and the whole mass would have been precipitated into the river, when the troops halted. The river, which would have been greater destruction had he been vigorously attacked, proved his salvation as it was. His whole army would have broken into an irretrievable rout, had they been able to fly, but the river prevented them. Towards the end of the action, Buell's army began to arrive. During the night, it all came up. Beauregard had complete possession of Grant's camp, retained it all night, and had the mortification of seeing his troops dispersed all over it, in search of the enormous wealth with which it was loaded. In vain did he attempt to rally them as the morning approached, to resist the attack which he

knew that the enemy, reïnforced by 35,000 men, would be sure to make. As morning approached, he got all he could into line, which, after his losses of the day before, were not 20,000 men. The enemy were now upwards of 60,000; more than three to one. Yet, he fought this mighty force for six hours, and retreated in safety to Corinth, carrying off his wounded, his prisoners, a large part of the cannon he had captured, and a considerable portion of the spoils. This shameful defeat, the Yankee Press, and the Cabinet at Washington chose to call a great victory, and, by way of keeping up the spirits of their party, the President proclaimed a general Thanksgiving day. No occurrence of the war demonstrated more palpably than this battle, the great superiority of the Confederate troops ; for the Federal troops were all western men, not Yankees, and the western soldier is a very different man from the Yankee soldier.

General Grant's next exploit was the capture of Vicksburg. In that city there were 27,000 troops in all, from the beginning of Grant's operations away up the river, to its surrender, a period of eight or nine months, and he had, himself, at the time of that surrender, 120,000 men before it! So, at least, said Minister Adams, in an official speech which he made to the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Lord Russell) by direction of Secretary Seward. We are confident, that either of the great Captains to whom he is advantageously contrasted in the article, which has drawn forth this comment, would, with such an army, have taken Vicksburg in at least six months before it fell, and so would Stonewall Jackson.

In the fall of the same year, 1863, Grant defeated Bragg near Chickamauga. The soldiers of Bragg were between 40,000 and 50,000, those of Grant about 120,000. Bragg's army was thoroughly demoralized, and almost in a state of disorganization. They were, of course, easily defeated. But Grant, with characteristic slowness, seems to have made no use of his victory. His enemy was allowed a whole winter to reörganize and recover. Had Stonewall Jackson been in his place, that army would have been captured or destroyed, in one week after its defeat.

We now come to the campaign of 1864, against Lee, in Virginia. At the commencement of this campaign, Grant had with him on the Rapidan, 160,000 men.—Stanton telegraphed that he reinforced him twice between the Wilderness and James river; once with 45,000 men and again with 40,000; that is with 85,000 in all. Lee's whole force was 47,000 men, not one-third the number Grant had with him at the Wilderness. This enormous disparity of force induced Grant to believe that he could sweep his adversary out of his path as the whirlwind scatters the leaves of the forest. In the assurance of an easy and early triumph, he wrote to one of his correspondents, "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes me all summer." That is, I will

sweep Lee out of my path, and march straight to Richmond.—His object, no doubt, was, to break through his line, turn him off towards the mountains, and having thus cut him off from his resources, pursue him and destroy his army at leisure, while Butler or a detachment sent from Washington took possession of Richmond. While he was thus calculating, and preparing to crush Lee, that officer anticipated him, and attacked his centre at the Wilderness with inexpressible fury. The battle raged for several days, during which he was unable to move Lee one inch from his position. Finding all his efforts vain, he withdrew his army by a flank movement, which would have been fatal to it but for its vast superiority of numbers, enabling him to keep in position a line quite equal to Lee's in number, and thus to mask the movement taking place behind it. It was the very movement which the Russians attempted at Austerlitz, and which caused the destruction of their army, and the loss of the campaign. But the Russians were only superior to the French by one-fifth. They could not, therefore, interpose an army equal to Napoleon's, while they were manœuvring in the rear with another of double the size. Napoleon could see what they were at, and attacked them while they were executing the manœuvre. Frederick attempted the same thing at Hochkirchen, and got his army destroyed by it. Marmont tried the same manœuvre at Salamanca, and was badly beaten in consequence. But Grant could do it with safety, because he could make a curtain of a force equal to Lee's while he manœuvred behind it. His loss was enormous. It was said, at the time, that it reached 50,000 men, and we have no doubt it did.—He left Lee standing where he stood at the beginning of the battle. He left an enormous number of dead on the field of battle lying unburied. And yet he claimed a victory, being the first victorious general that, so far as we know, ever marched off leaving his unburied dead strewn all over the field as thick "as leaves in Vallambrosa."

Grant filed off towards Fredericksburg, in hopes to get between Lee and Richmond. But his route was circuitous, and Lee had the interior line. He was, throughout the campaign, operating on the chord of an arc. He anticipated Grant, and got before him by a shorter route at Spotsylvania Court House. Here the whole thing was to be tried over again. Grant had probably received the first installment of his reinforcements, 45,000 men. His line, therefore, was still 150,000 strong, while Lee had lost heavily at the Wilderness, and could not have had more than 40,000 men. Three days' fighting preceded the tremendous battle of the 12th in which Grant was repulsed in all his attempts, and lost upon a moderate calculation, 40,000 men. Lee's loss was also heavy. The division of General Edward Johnson, occupying an advanced position, was deprived of its artillery on the night of the 11th. The General

ascertaining that he was to be attacked by an overwhelming force, about two o'clock, sent a first messenger to reclaim it, and from that time, messenger after messenger. It came back after the fight was over, just in time to fall into the enemy's hands. In the meantime, Johnson's division, 7,000 strong, was attacked by Hancock's corps, of 30,000 men. They made a desperate resistance, but were overpowered, and the greater part taken or dispersed; the General, himself, being among the captured. Sure now of victory, the enemy pushed on only to be repeatedly repulsed, with a slaughter never equalled in any engagement fought in this country. It was stated that Grant lost 40,000 men on that terrible day, and he made no impression whatever on Lee. Lee's loss also was considerable. In all, he had lost during the campaign, at least 12,000 men, which reduced his force to 35,000. Before they came again in contact, at Cold Harbor, Grant had received a fresh reinforcement of 40,000 men, raising his numbers again to more than 150,000.

Grant finding he could not move Lee out of his tracks, again moved off by his left. Lee again faced him on the Pamunkey, but he did not evince the same ardor there, and after a not very hot engagement he again moved off by his left. Lee was ready for him at Cold Harbor, and there repulsed him with prodigious slaughter. It was said he lost on this occasion 30,000 men. But he still had 120,000, while Lee had but 35,000, and was too weak to follow him, when filing off again to his left he crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, and passed over the James with the hope of surprising Petersburg.—Lee again anticipated him and joining Beauregard, who held Butler "bottled up" at Bermuda Hundred, his whole force, after receiving a reinforcement of two or three thousand from Breckenridge, was now 50,000 men.

This campaign, on the part of Gen. Lee, is one of the most brilliant recorded in history. It resembles, more than any other, that of Napoleon in 1814. The same use of the *interior line* was made by both, both moving upon the chord of an arc, and each compelling his adversary to move upon the circumference. The object of Napoleon was to prevent the several armies of his enemies from uniting, which he was enabled to do by moving on a short line, while they moved on a longer, so that he could attack the first of them which came to the place of union before the others could get up. The object of Lee was to keep between his enemy and Richmond, which he always did by moving on the short line. Actually before him—confronting him on the several fields of battle—were, from first to last, 245,000 men, while 47,000 were all that he had from first to last. We have here stated the losses of the the enemy, as they were reported at the time, and as we believe them to have actually been. Of course, the enemy make a very different statement. Gen. Halleck advised that their generals should be instructed to claim a

victory on all occasions, and none of them ever neglected that duty. Their official reports are quite as trustworthy as the stories of the Baron Munchausen, but not more so. Suppose Lee to have had 160,000 men at the Wilderness, and Grant 47,000. How long would the latter have stood before him? Not one hour. Besides these, Hunter was operating on one flank with 30,000 men, and Butler, with 30,000, on the other. In all he had 305,000 men to contend with, at a time when, even after Breckenridge and Beauregard had joined, he could not muster more than 50,000. Suppose he had been at the head of 300,000 men. He would have planted the Confederate flag upon the roof or steeple (if it have any steeple) of Faneuil Hall, in less than a month. The detachment of 14,000 men, under Early, soon reduced his force to 36,000 men, and with this little force he confronted Grant, with an army 150,000 strong (including Butler's) backed by a naval force that was strong enough to have sunk both the fleets that fought at Trafalgar.*

It is very rarely that statements upon military questions, coming from opposite sides, differ so little. We are convinced, however, that we are nearer right than the World. That Grant had at least 143,000 men with him, at the opening of the campaign, that is, at the battle of the Wilderness, is, we think, certain. That Lee had but 47,000 men there, is also certain. That Grant had, in point of fact, 160,000 men, was stated at the time, upon evidence which we believed to be incontestable. But let it stand as it is stated by the World, and what immense glory does it not reflect on Lee and his men. Lee was reinforced by Breckenridge, Finne-

* This article was written in January last. The accuracy of its statements has been wonderfully confirmed since that time by the *New York World*.—That Journal has been publishing a severe scrutiny into the military pretensions of Gen. Grant. In its issue of June 9th it says:

"We have already shown the respective forces and losses of Generals Grant and Lee between the Rapidan and James, and, as prefatory to some further historical light on General Grant's soldiership, reproduce them.

"Grant, on assuming command May 4, 1864, had of effective men besides the reserve, when he crossed the Rapidan, 125,000.

"Lee at the same date had an effective force of 52,000.

"Grant's reinforcements up to the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, were 97,000.

"Lee's reinforcements up to the same date were 18,000.

"Grant's total force, including reinforcements, was 222,000.

"Lee's total force, including reinforcements, was 70,000.

"Returns to their respective Governments showed that when both armies had reached the James, June 10, the number of Grant's army that had been put *hors du combat* was 117,000.

"Up to the same date, the number of Lee's men who had been put *hors du combat* was 19,000.

"The two armies then met in front of Petersburg.

"It will be seen that Grant's total force, including reinforcements, was 152,000, and his loss 98,000 in excess of Lee's, or that, with a force outnumbering his opponent's three to one, this bungler lost every other man in his army, while Lee lost but two out of every nine, or, to put it still differently, that Grant lost just six thousand men more than one and a half times Lee's entire army. That Grant succeeded is true, but a general would have accomplished the same result with less means and less loss."

gan, and a division of Longstreet's corps, which had been operating in North Carolina. So far from reaching 19,000 we are confident that they did not exceed the half of that figure, all told. It will be seen that we understated Grant's reïnforcements. Instead of 85,000, they were 97,000.

After all, Grant would never have succeeded but for the operations of Sherman in Georgia and South Carolina, which destroyed the last remaining resources of the Confederate army, and rendered desertion the only alternative for starvation. To that officer far more than to Grant is due the reduction of Richmond and the consequent subversion of the Confederacy. How the North can exult in such a triumph is difficult to conceive.

It has been pretended that Grant *always* intended to occupy the position around Petersburg. His own words prove the reverse. "I will fight it out on this line, &c." "This line" was not the way to Petersburg, and that was not his object. Richmond was his aim — Richmond "by this line" not by way of Petersburg. The road to Petersburg was by Old Point Comfort and Norfolk. He could have taken it, and arrived at the position he afterwards occupied, without fighting a battle. He took it finally, after he had been beaten in every battle, because he found it impossible to take it in any other way. He was *driven* to it. Every thinking man in the State was on thorns, throughout the war, about Petersburg. They saw that it was the true strategic point.— That once in the possession of the enemy, Richmond must fall, because he would have possession of all the roads that communicate with the South. They marveled at the stupidity of the enemy, which forbade them to see so plain a fact. Was it great generalship to lose upwards of 100,000 men for a purpose which might have been obtained without loss?

There has been no end to the eulogies bestowed upon the Russians for their defence of Sebastopol. What was it compared to Lee's defence of Petersburg.— They were fully equal in number to their enemies; nay, it may be well believed, greatly superior; for they relieved each other in the trenches, every twelve hours, as regularly as if on parade. Their camp was always plentifully supplied. They had a profusion of arms, ammunition, military stores and hospital supplies of every description. The marvel is, not that they held out so long, but that the place was ever taken at all. Lee, for many months, defended a line extending from the Chickahominy to Hatcher's run—fifty miles long, against an enemy whose force, and numerous reïnforcements had swelled to 180,000 men, fought a number of successful combats, and was never beaten until a severe winter, combined with hunger and destitution had thinned his ranks, and demoralized his troops, to such a degree, that though he had been reïnforced, in the Autumn, by what was called "the new levy," (that is, by men who were none less than 45 years of age,) yet on

the day when Grant, at the head of 180,000 men made the final assault on his lines, he had but 35,000 troops to defend them. Thirty-five thousand, from the Chickahominy to Hatcher's run.

Such are the exploits, that in the opinion of this writer, place General Grant above Cæsar and Napoleon! Posterity will think very differently. The truth cannot be hidden. When the world reads the story of Confederate superiority of numbers, and compares it with the number of souls ascertained by census to have existed in the Confederacy, they will laugh the falsehood to scorn. It will see how all Grant's victories were gained. It will place Lee, not Grant, on the immortal roll in company with Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederic, Napoleon and Wellington.

THE DECAY OF RELIGION IN THE SOUTH.

For generations the people of the Southern States had occasion to observe the nature of the negro there; and none know the negroes but those who have lived among them. The study of their history in other lands and under various conditions only confirmed the conviction that since the origin of the race there never existed any negro population enjoying a condition of equal physical and moral well being, or one so far advanced in civilization and religious development, and the people of the Southern States challenged their enemies to refute the assertion.

Not that they imagined the negroes, as a body, to be either Christians or civilized. They knew that both Christianity and civilization make slow progress, especially among a rude people of a low order of intellect. A nation of Christians never yet was, nor will be, nor has true civilization ever penetrated through the whole mass of a nation.

Are we guilty of an absurdity in speaking of the civilization and Christianity of slaves; and of expecting progress from those whom we keep in fetters?

When God has not directly revealed his designs, we can only infer them from the observation of his works. From the characteristics of each part of his creation we must infer its use, although we may not discover all the purposes of its Creator. Who doubts that the horse was made for draft and the saddle? or the sheep to furnish wool, or kine to furnish milk, butter and cheese, and both to furnish food for man? Who doubts that the dog, with his domestic habits, his strong affection, his incorruptible fidelity, his unceasing vigilance, was designed for the companion, the friend, the servant and sentinel of his master? See the common hen,

contrary to the wont of the feathered tribe, hanging around man's dwelling, and laying her eggs almost daily for his use; her mate with his clarion-noted clock sounding the hours of the night for every homestead. Are not all these fulfilling their destined end? And do not these very characteristics lead to the multiplication and improvement of their race?

May we not reason thus as to the higher order of beings? Can we avoid contrasting the negro with the white man, who, go where he will, becomes the ruler? or with the red man now dying out from this continent? or with the Malay race in New Zealand, Tahiti and elsewhere on the Pacific, fading away before the influx of European settlers? In these cases the mere contact of races seems fatal to one of them. The colonists in this country not only bought African slaves, but reduced many of the Indians to slavery. The negroes throve and multiplied, the Indians died out. We can find only here and there a trace of them where they had mingled their blood with the blacks.

We know best the history of the negro in this country, but his history elsewhere, as far as it is known to us, corresponds with it. From his history we infer that God has given him a tendency to thrive and multiply in a condition of servitude, under which other races die out, and has given him little propensity to shake off that servitude. But in freedom he has shown a tendency to deteriorate and die out, in countries where other races were thriving and multiplying rapidly. May we not then infer that the servile condition of the negroes in the South was not contrary to the will of God? Nor is this contradicted by God's revealed word, which, so far from prohibiting human slavery, strongly inculcates the relative duties of the master and slave.

But where are the four millions of negroes which the sun shone upon in the South in 1860? Until disturbed by the Northern invaders they continued to thrive and multiply in every part of the Confederacy. But the decree of freedom was to them 'the beginning of the end.' We foresee that in taking the census of 1870, the United States government will order that no record be made of distinctions in color or race, under the plea that all are citizens, all free and equal, while the true object will be to hide from the world the fearful gap, freedom and Northern rule are making in their ranks.

The people of the Southern States felt that they had a civilization, and a political and social organization, from which not only they themselves, but their slaves drew countless blessings. They saw that these blessings could only be preserved by breaking off all connection with their faithless and usurping confederates. No class was more enthusiastic in the cause of Secession than the clergy and the more devout portion of the community. We witnessed but a feeble indication of this spirit, while listening to a devout minister of the Gospel teaching his lisping infant to pray for President Davis as the

champion, not only of political, but religious rights. In what war have the clergy taken a similar part? We see a Bishop, without one word of censure from his brethren, taking high command, leading armies into battle, and perishing at the 'cannon's mouth.' We see a clergyman of the same church, at the first outbreak of the war, drilling his raw artillerists, himself point the field piece on the foe, while with the roar of the cannon he mingles pious ejaculations to his God. We see others leading their regiments of horse or foot into the fight—but examples multiplying around us soon become innumerable. Many crowd into the ranks of the volunteer army; many rise to commands and prove worthy of them. Others, withheld by their views of professional propriety from actually bearing arms, eagerly seek the posts of regimental chaplains, and are seen in the field assisting the wounded, or kneeling by the dying, as devoutly calm under the enemy's fire, as in their pulpit or closet at home. Many who had lived a priest's life died a soldier's death. Nor did these clerical warriors represent a party in the church. In the seven States which first formed the Confederacy, we know hardly a native clergyman who opposed Secession, few who did not approve of it.

For to numbers in the South, the war of Secession was a holy war; and General (Stonewall) Jackson was the worthy representative of this class. Few recluse devotees are more absorbed in a religious life, than he was even in the most active part of his military career. His was the spirit of Judas Maccabeus aroused in defence, not only of political right, but religious truth.

Yet, patriotism did not, in the South, usurp the place and assume the garb of religion—political sermons, so common at the North—discourses from the pulpit designed to produce a political effect, were hardly known in the South. Few of the most punctual attendants at church ever heard one. No communion table was seen draped with Confederate banners, in rivalry with 'the stars and stripes' as used at the North. No congregation chanted a national anthem, in place of a hymn to the Almighty, in answer to the 'star spangled banner' given out from the pulpit and shouted rather than sung by the choir and congregation of the Northern 'church militant.' The religious manifestations in the South contrasted strongly with the fanatic politics, which pervaded and over-rode the religion of the North.

Let no one imagine that we hold up to admiration each regimental chaplain in the Confederate army. With some neither the service of God or their country was the ruling motive. There were gross blunders in the official appointments made in this, as in every branch of the service. But the conduct of the clergy generally, and of the devout and zealous members, of both sexes, of all branches of the Church, proved that Secession did not find support only in the ambition of politicians, the worldly calculations of mercenary men, and the pas-

sionate and thoughtless impulses of hot and heady youth.

It is foreign to our purpose to trace the manifold blunders which, from the beginning of the war to the end, did more to ruin the cause of the Confederacy, than the arms or the policy of its enemies. We will consider what effect the circumstances attending the ruin of his country may have on the minds of the Southern man.

The effects of emancipation on the negroes first attract his attention. They have been pictured as a people cruelly oppressed—conscious of their wrongs, and only kept down hitherto by the strong hand—as true prisoners, as galley slaves or the inmates of a penitentiary. The fetters are knocked off, the bolts withdrawn, and the prison doors thrown open. What now is their conduct? Does it indicate the feelings engendered by a long course of wrongs? When we remember that this people lately numbered more than four millions, that in some parts of the country the blacks were three, five, and even ten to the whites—that agents were busy among them filling their minds and turning their heads, with dangerous counsels and impracticable hopes—how rare were the instances of violence, outrage, or even disrespect to the whites, especially to their former masters. In what multitudes of cases did they seek employment as freemen, from him who so lately held them as slaves. The instinctive sense of their own inferiority told them that there was nothing unnatural in their former condition.

It had been said that by a system of compulsory toil for another, they had been prevented from laboring for their own advancement. What is the history, not of their industry, but of their indolence? The greater part of them have shown little more providence than cattle turned out to pasture.

Where among them do we see the effects of their, at least, partial training in Christianity and civilization? With few exceptions, the most devout negroes celebrated their freedom by at once abandoning the congregations of whites, with which they had long connected themselves. They seek to escape from the restraints imposed by the proprieties of Christain worship and the presence of others of superior education and race; and to find in assemblies of their own people, opportunities which they instinctively crave for a boisterous and sensuous expression of their devotional impulses. The indulgence of this yearning after religious excitement soon produces extravagances utterly incompatible with Christian humility.

Its influence on the women not seldom led them to assume the prophetic character, and their inspired ravings, when they had any meaning, were utterly subversive of Christian truth. The suddenness and universality of this religious movement, in deserting the churches they had joined, was well expressed, in few words, by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who, although a native of England, had, in the midst of a negro population, de-

voted almost a life time to their religious instruction. "On the triumph of the Northern arms becoming known to the negroes, I saw the labors of thirty years perish in thirty minutes."

Their civilization clave to them no longer than their religion. They put off both as easily as their clothes. The writer of this article, being absent from his plantation on service, when his neighborhood was occupied by the enemy, requested a neighbor to ascertain what was the condition of his negroes. His friend soon gave him the required information, laying particular stress on one feature. 'You would no longer recognize the family relations among your negroes. There have been so many exchanges of husbands and wives that few households are in the state in which you lately left them.'

Yet for thirty or forty years, at least, especial pains had been taken to impress on these people the sanctity and permanence of the marriage tie. This was one of the speediest results of freedom even here, where the negroes remained on the plantation. In many cases, they deserted their old homes to seek their fortunes elsewhere, with a view, not of making, but finding a living. In so doing, they often disencumbered themselves of such impediments as wives, husbands, and children, throwing off, with the obligation of personal service, all domestic ties. This improvidence, and their neglect of a parent's duties, have been followed by a fearful mortality among the children, who, indeed, in the days of slavery owed their preservation chiefly to the master's care.

The destiny of the negro in the Southern States is becoming daily more manifest. For the inertness and improvidence of his unchangeable nature, proved by his history in every age and every land, plainly point it out. The negroes emancipated in the West Indies, indeed, however low they may sink into barbarism, may not become extinct. They have found a new Guinea and Angola there. Protected by a climate as hostile to the white man as propitious to the black, they gather rather than earn a subsistence from the almost spontaneous produce of the soil; and a subsistence, that they may exist to enjoy the *dolce far niente*, the luxury of indolence, is all they ask. But on the adjacent continent, life is not existence merely, but a struggle, under adverse conditions, requiring some thought, industry, self-denial, all so much wanting in the negro—an unceasing struggle which becomes hopeless, when it has to be maintained in contact, and often in conflict with a superior race.

Many a Southern man, led by his knowledge of the negro to this conviction as to their destiny, is startled at the reflections which force themselves upon him. Has God permitted the exodus of hundreds of thousands of these people from a country, one of the most barbarous, perhaps the most unimprovable on earth, where they were the slaves of barbarians like themselves? Did he permit their transportation to another

land, where, although still in bondage, civilization and Christianity were within their reach? Has he multiplied their numbers fifteen fold in little more than a century, permitted their progress in civilization, and opened to many of them his revealed word? Has he made them the instruments for reclaiming from the wilderness vast territories, both continental and insular, of matchless fertility, and incalculable utility to man,—regions on which he has stamped a climate rendering them irreclaimable by the labors of any other race?—Has God done all this only that these millions of negroes entering, or within the pale of civilization and Christianity, should, through the results of a political convulsion, in which they took no part, suddenly relapse towards barbarism, lose sight of the cross of Christ, and, throughout the greater part of these wide territories, hasten to extinction? What better can now be hoped for in a large portion of these Southern States, than that, when, like the red man, the black shall have passed away, they may become pastoral and half-civilized regions occupied by the degraded remnant of what was once a free and high spirited people, cut short in their rapid progress towards an eminent position among the nations of the earth?

But this is, or has been, the Southern man's country, his home, endeared by every tender tie, hallowed by many glorious memories, watered with the blood of his brothers, who gave their lives for its defence. He may be forgiven if he is staggered at the unveiling of its coming fate.

He has seen the enemies of this, his country, the mass of them utterly regardless of God's law, and the political rights they had covenanted to respect, making war upon it in the name of religion and humanity. The smouldering ruins, the wasted fields, the herds slaughtered in wantonness, the plunder laden trains—all proved their object to be not mere conquest, but robbery and devastation. He has seen them triumphant, and pushing their success to the very ends they began by disavowing.

He now sees the Northern champions of universal liberty and equality, while carefully excluding the negroes among themselves from all political or social equality *with themselves*, yet striving to give them in the South dominion over their former masters, while these very negroes are perishing from off the face of the land.

He finds himself in a country cursed of God and man; and, prompted by his convictions of retributive justice, he looks around him and into his own heart to find the cause of this condemnation of himself, his country, his people, and the lately subject race. Looking back with scrutinizing eye on the great struggle through which he has lately past, he can repent of nothing but the blunders which led to the ruin of a righteous cause. He looks back upon sacrifice after sacrifice, great, numberless and heart-rending, made by millions of his people from the purest motives—and behold! each noble sacrifice draws

after it the penalty of crime.—Whatever were their sins as a people, he can find, in the result of the late conflict, nothing but triumphant wrong in the North, and nothing but unmerited ruin and misery in the South.—Whatever their natural sin was, he sees them trampled upon, by God's permission, by a far more sinful people. The result is good to none, evil to all.—To the North loss, to the South ruin, to the negro *extermination*.

Bewildered in mind, he is yet more puzzled by the conduct of many of the clergy, whose patriotic zeal and sacrifices he can never forget. When, in the ruin and humiliation of their native State, he joins them in the public worship of God, he now hears all of the ministers of one branch of the church, and many of the others praying for a government which their congregations know only through its tyrannies, and calling down the blessings of God on magistrates whose whole authority is founded on usurpation.—Not a word is breathed to indicate that those, whom they pray for, stand in especial need that God should touch their guilty hearts, and move them to repent and seek pardon for their sins against God in their crimes against men. How strange the effect produced by hearing the minister praying for the prosperity of a government on Sunday, when he and nine-tenths of his congregation would think it a blessed day's work could they destroy it on Monday.

The clergy urge the example of St. Paul praying for Nero!—as doubtless he did—for his conversion and repentance as a sin-burdened man—not for his long life and prosperity as a blood-stained tyrant. Often as we are urged in Scripture to forgive our enemies, we are no where urged to forgive the enemies of our country, to the utter forgetfulness of that country's wrongs.—Let not the professing Christian forget how strong is now the temptation to abandon honest convictions under the plea of religious duty; how easily a base subserviency to his wrong doers can cloke itself under the garb of Christian forgiveness of injuries to the utter confounding of our sense of right and wrong. Ask yourself this question: After suffering the wrongs that we have experienced at the hands of our enemies, with the knowledge we now have of their true character, had we succeeded in breaking the yoke, would the most Christian spirit among us have failed to look upon them as enemies, not to be injured, but to be ever suspected, watched and shunned? Was there ever occasion calling more loudly for obedience to the injunction 'Let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican.' The contagion of iniquity must be shunned.

Such a construction as many of our clergy have practically put upon the text 'the powers that be are ordained of God' is a caricature of Erastianism worthy of the 'Vicar of Bray.' Those who thus teach need fear persecution from no tyranny in power, upholding, as they do, whoever gets the upper hand. Had the late

unhappy Emperor, Maximilian, received the support of the Mexican nation, and, in the confusion and exhaustion produced among us by the war of Secession, had he reöccupied Texas as a Mexican province, every clergyman and congregation there would have been bound in Christian duty, on the principles acted on by many since the conquest of the South, to acknowledge allegiance to him, and pray for the prosperity of the sovereign and government thrust upon them at the point of the sword.

A prompt and frank admission that might makes right, that in every worldly undertaking failure or success manifests God's anger or approval; a return to the faith and practice of our Gothic forefathers, who, after overrunning and re-peopling Western Europe, had recourse in their law-suits to duels between the plaintiffs and defendants, and relied on the issue as the judgment of God, could not more confound our natural sense of right or wrong.

If we may judge from men's public acts and professions, too few in the South, and the clergy as little as any class, have rightly distinguished between a Christian resignation to God's will, and a forced submission to the power of an earthly conqueror. Prisoners in body, as every Confederate became, crowds seem to have yielded themselves prisoners in mind, and denying their deepest convictions, became the ready and apparently willing instruments in each measure devised by their conquerors to complete their ruin and deepen their degradation. It is vain to deny that many in the South feel degraded in their own esteem, not from the result of the war, but by their own conduct since the war. Tempted to recantations of principles and to pledges of allegiance by hopes, deceptively held out to them, of preserving some remnant of political or proprietary rights, many have allowed themselves to be made the agents in uprooting the very foundations of their own State. And they have not gained by their subserviency the semblance of a security for any right. They forgat that they were dealing with a people whom it is impossible to trust without being deceived. Many, even those who had displayed most valor as soldiers, have shown little of the spirit of martyrs, rather to suffer than to do a wrong. Yielding up their conviction of right, they have shaken hands with the slayers of brothers, fathers and sons, not doubting the justice of the cause in which they fell, but because that it is lost.

No man can look earnestly upon life without seeing that in this world wrong often prevails over right. Indeed, while we have abundant indications given to us that there is a rule of right for our guidance, the breaches of it, and the prosperity attending them, are so many and startling, as to lead us to look forward to a life hereafter in which all wrongs will be redressed. The destruction of earthly hope and trust often drives the believer closer to his God. It often arouses the unconverted sinner to look upon life as a state, not of enjoyment, but probation. But we have no reas-

on to rely on material ruin and moral degradation, as the means of regenerating a whole people.

Every great revolution, which shakes society to its foundations, tends violently to unsettle the firmest seated convictions, and leads many to doubt what they have hitherto held as sacred and indisputable truth. There is much in this world to bewilder us. We see that evil exists and know not why; that it is often triumphant; and yet we can find many proofs that it is offensive to God. The instructed yet humble minded Christian is ever ready to exclaim, 'The ways of the Almighty are past finding out.' Even in the ages of heathen darkness, gifted men, guided by no revelation but that which God had stamped upon their hearts, have recognized the nothingness of human wisdom in all attempts to weigh the counsels or measure the plans of the Deity. Man knows but one spot in limitless space; he experiences but one point of endless time; he sees but one flash of the all pervading glory; and, could he gaze upon the whole expanse of the material and moral universe, he might not comprehend its relations. As the Creator, God has not opened to us his counsels, while, as the Redeemer, he has made known only his will.

But this is a skeptical age, in which men are loath to search for the solid ground on which they may build up a Christian's faith; while they are open-eyed and open-eared to every difficulty in reconciling God's Word with their dim and narrow views of nature, man, and the course of this world's events; proudly requiring God to lay open all his counsels, before they will obey that which he enjoins.

The doubts and contradictions that beset the human mind engendered of old a creed, embraced by many philosophers, and well expressed by the Roman poet of that school—

> "Far, far from mortals and their vain concerns,
> In peace perpetual dwell the immortal Gods;
> Each self-dependent and from human wants
> Estranged forever."

In thus teaching that the Deity exists not for man, they indirectly denied the existence of the Deity. This creed of unbelief has never died out, and evil influences often propagate it far and wide.

When the Southern man surveys the immense tropical and adjacent regions of the Western continent, in which the soil admits not of tillage by the white man's hand, from the malignant effects of a climate which is yet more benignant to the negro than that of Africa itself; when he recognizes the productive powers of these regions, running to luxurious waste, enlarging, not the realms of civilization, but of an African barbarism; when he thinks of their measureless capacity to supply the wants and elevate the condition of untold millions, not only those who might dwell upon the soil, but yet vaster multitudes throughout the remotest regions of the earth; when he remembers that the peculiar capacities of the negro, guided and controlled by the skill, forethought and energy of the Caucasian race, have more

than demonstrated the practicability of this happy result; when he contrasts the almost certain future with what might well have been, and beholds how much is thus cut off from the possible expansion of the civilized and Christian world, may he not be tempted to adopt the creed of Zoroaster, and recognize in all that he beholds but one vast field for the perpetual struggles between Ormuzd and Ahriman, the Principle of Good, and the Principle of Evil, and conclude that in his quarter of the world, Ahriman has permanently gotten the upper hand?

The mass of mankind cannot look beyond the local and temporary circumstances which surround them. They mould their conviction upon them. Standing amidst the ruins of his country, with the evidences of a perishing civilization around him, and triumphant wrong lording it over him, realizing the weakness, folly, and faithlessness of many to whom he had looked for guidance and example, is it strange that, here in the South, many an unregenerated man, many an unconfirmed believer should find it hard to resist the doubts that crowd upon him? Doubt of the possibility of human rectitude—doubt of the unvarying and eternal nature of right and wrong—doubt yet more horrible—of the justice and benevolence of God!

It is, perhaps, not in the power of the whole people of the South to reverse the decree of material ruin and desolation past upon their country. But how far the conduct of professing Christians may have tended to its moral degradation, let each one ask his own conscience, and whether it acquit or condemn him, let him recognize the multiplied evil tendencies of the times, and with true Christian zeal labor to counteract them.

"LACON" AND ITS AUTHOR.

PROVERBIAL wisdom is universally popular; but, few of those who have given to the world a wise saw, or a proverb, have credit with the learned, still fewer, with the masses. Many a man has a bit of wisdom from Rochefocauld which he produces on all occasions, to his own satisfaction, and the edification of his friends, without having heard that such a man as Rochefoucauld ever lived; and it is surprising, on looking over "Lacon," to find how many newspapers are enriched from its pages, without the slightest acknowledgment to its author; probably, most often, from inability to assign the authorship.

The author of "Lacon," the Rev. Charles Caleb Colton, was an off-shoot of that combination of Church and State, which has done so much to bring discredit on the Anglican church. The following anecdote will illustrate to what class of ministers he belonged, and also serve as a key-note to one phase of his character, by no means the worst. Contrary to the opinion of smokers in this country, he thought his cigars should have a certain degree of dampness, and to secure this, he used to keep them in a little dark place under the pulpit, because it imparted the exact degree of dampness required; he did this instead of wrapping them in a cabbage leaf, which he thought a poor substitute for his little pulpit cuddy. One naturally thinks in this connection of fox-hunting, card-playing, wine-bibbing parsons, and the Rev. Caleb will not be found to "disable" the judgment.

He was chosen a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in 1801, and was presented by his college to the perpetual curacy of Tiverton, Prior's Quarter, Devonshire; there he lived and flourished, after his kind, for many years.

"Lacon, or many things in few words," is the only work of any enduring fame that he gave to the world. He wrote, besides, "Hypocrisy, a satirical poem," "Napoleon, a poem," with strong English views of Napoleon; "Modern Antiquity," and others, none of which have sufficient of Attic salt to preserve them from oblivion.

In manner, he seems to have been kind, agreeable, and sociable enough, to win for him warm friends among those who knew him intimately and were not repelled by his principles. He made no personal pretence to religious sentiment, and cannot, therefore, be charged with hypocrisy, though, unfit as he was, he entered the pulpit and won the gown. A man of his talent could not but preach with great force, and it is said, that at times he would be as eloquent as Demosthenes in praise of Christian virtues. Indeed, in a mass of apothegms, drawn, generally, from

the darkest and weakest points in human nature, some gems occur that illustrate the best. It would be difficult to put the point more strongly than in this, for instance: "Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her, and zealously to labor after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every safety from danger, resource from sterility, even subjugated passion, 'like the wind and storm fulfilling his word.'" Or this: "Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains." The following also comes strangely from a man who made a cigar case of his pulpit: "In pulpit eloquence, the grand difficulty lies here; to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves. The Christian messenger cannot think too highly of his prince, or too humbly of himself. This is that secret art which captivates and improves an audience, and which all who see will fancy they could imitate, whilst most who try it will fail. '*Sperat idem, sudat multum, frustraque laborat ausus idem*;'" which, being freely rendered means, He that undertakes it will have his trouble for his pains.

I must make an exception to the remark that Colton made no personal pretence to religious sentiment. Although he would, on Sunday, make the most irresistible appeals to the consciences of his hearers, and "the next day gallop after the fox with a pack of hounds, fish, shoot, or fight a man, in company with sporting blacklegs, bruisers, dicers, *et hoc genus omne*;" he, on one occasion, enacted the role of "When the D—l was sick," &c., without being the sick man himself. The circumstance is striking and I will give it in the words of one of his biographers: "Among Colton's sporting companions was a very abandoned Devonshire squire, who had squandered a fine fortune, and beggared his family, by his extravagance and dissipation. Becoming sick, and his physicians having assured him that a speedy death was inevitable, he dispatched a messenger for Colton, and demanded of him an acknowledgment of a fact, which he said all parsons' lives declared, 'that their religion and all religion was a lie.' This Colton refused to do, wherefore the dying wretch, in a paroxysm of rage, called down curse after curse upon the head of the conscience-stricken parson, and immediately expired. Language cannot describe Colton's horror; he returned home and shut himself up in his chamber; on the following Sunday, he preached upon the uncertainty of life, and in a most impressive manner discoursed upon the dreadful realities of death, judgment and eternity, closing his sermon with a solemn declaration that he had seen the error of his ways, and was resolved to lead a new life. His reformation, though of longer continuance than the morning

cloud, was not lasting. Three, four, five months of exemplary conduct and then came the first symptoms of declension, in the shape of the parson's grey horse harnessed to a dog cart, with his gun and brace of pointers, in charge of a groom, the whole 'turn out' for starting, and waiting at the entrance of the churchyard, on Sunday evening, the last night of August, to carry the parson, so soon as service was over, to a celebrated shooting ground, five and twenty miles off, that he might be on the spot ready for the irresistible first of September."

Colton was essentially an adventurer and a gambler. He is said to have written a tract in which it is shown, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that when in gambling, the chances are in the slightest degree against a man, he must in the end be ruined. A fact which has been forced on most persons, who have tried it. After writing this tract, he went and laid down his last thousand pounds upon the rouelle. He won, he doubled his stake and won again, and went on doubling and winning until he broke the bank; but went back the next evening and was ruined himself. He attempted money-making in various ways. In Paris he was "a horse dealer, then a wine merchant, and then again a picture dealer." It is said that he won within a year or two £25,000. By gambling and speculations he lost all he made; and writes thus in "Lacon:" "The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven." He is not the only man

> "Who never said a foolish thing
> And never did a wise one."

Perhaps his most discreditable mode of "raising the wind" was that adopted in Paris, as his other resources failed him. He extorted money from the wealthy Islanders who visited Paris, either by black mail or begging. On one occasion, when he heard that the Duke of Northumberland was in Paris, at the coronation of Charles X., he immediately said that "the Duke is on my ground and must pay me contribution money." He made a touching appeal to His Grace by letter, who sent him an order for 25 Napoleons. Then, rather shabbily dressed, but bedizened with a great profusion of watch chains and other jewelry, of which he was extravagantly fond, he presented himself to the Duke's banker. "The latter," to use the words of his biographer, "struck with the brilliant decorations of his otherwise half genteelly dressed visitor, and supposing that he was some eccentric son of wealth and nobility, bowed him, with most obsequious grace, to his private cabinet, and waited to hear his brilliant visitor's business.—When it was told the banker replied: 'Can it be possible, s-i-r? You are not the Mr. Colton, s-i-r, mentioned in His Grace's order?' 'The arrived petition, s-i-r, can't be yours?' 'Let's see,' said C. 'Yes, that's it; but the Duke has made a trifling mistake: in his note to me,

he promised me £25, but you can rectify that little error.' The banker, however, refused to pay more than 25 Louis to the clerical beggar, whom the Duke's note described as a *distressed, sick, suffering clergyman.*"

Some very discreditable cases of levying black mail on his countrymen are told of him; but he was not always successful, as he was balked in such an attempt by the nerve of the Duchess of St. Albans.

The shores of America were honored by the presence of this clerical adventurer. Before he went to Paris, he visited this country to get rid of troublesome creditors, in 1824. He landed at New Port, in Rhode Island, is said to have spent some time in New York, and to have written articles for the New York papers; thence he went to Charleston, South Carolina, where he must have created a good impression, as he was highly spoken of in the "Southern Literary Journal."—It is supposed that he spent about two years in this country, after which he went to Paris.

With regard to the book which we have before us, it has been said, "That few works have appeared for the last fifty years, which contain more original thoughts happily expressed." Those apothegms, which give the name to the book, are mostly too long to enter much into the proverbial sayings of the world, but they do enter largely into current literature. "Lacon" is also largely embellished with pointed and appropriate anecdotes. The author's knowledge of mankind was not altogether, though to a great extent, "an acquaintance with his weak points, his infirmities, hypocrisies and short comings."—He says in his preface, which is very trenchant, "Should my readers think some of my conclusions too severe, they will, in justice, recollect that my object is truth, that my subject is man, and that a handsome picture cannot represent deformity." Alas! that it should be so; but is there not enough truth in the statement, to make us feel that there is at least some excuse for an author to say severe things? Unfortunately, the standard of principle, as well for religion and politics as business, is lamentably low. We can speak for our own country, let these laconics tell the story of the country where they were inspired. From these many lessons of worldly wisdom may be learnt, or learnt without them, forced upon men by their daily intercourse. But we are happy to know that they are not of universal application. A few men can be pointed out, here and there, *rari nantes*, whom it is not necessary to *watch* in our business transactions. It is deplorable for a country when such maxims enter largely into business operations; or when they are justified by the conduct of professed Christians, or properly characterize the motives of political leaders. In the opinion of a large portion of our people, Walpole's estimate of the corruptibility of mankind, seems to be taken for granted; but we will still believe that the "faithful man" can be found.—With all due honor be it stated

that Walpole himself refused £60,000 to interfere to save the Earl of Derwentwater, when under sentence of death. Whether the great minister boasted his own virtue, I cannot say. The standard of proverbial wisdom is vastly lowered since the Son of Sirac told us that "A wise son maketh a glad father," and "That treasures of wickedness profit nothing." Now, I have mistaken this generation very much, if from one end of the country to the other, one does not hear "sons" commended more as "*sharp*" or "*cute*" boys (atrocious idea) than recommended and taught to be wise ones. The italicized words are the key-notes of American education. Solomon counsels caution against securityship, carelessness, dealing with a slack hand, &c., but tells of fidelity, diligence, liberality, and the "memory of the just." To adopt Solomon's proverbs would be to force us to adopt a different standard of success than that which we practically propose to ourselves.

"Lacon" is truly "many things in few words;" the author touches on every imaginable subject; he writes *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*, and throws light on all. In such a mass of apothegms, anecdotes and good things, it is difficult to make a selection. Somewhat at random, I will select a few, avoiding the longer ones, and those that are of a more argumentative character; and one of the very best is one of the first I find. "Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it, anything—*but live for it.*" Does not the following tell the story of "Stonewall" Jackson's life and success?

"Secrecy of design, when combined with rapidity of execution, like the column that guided Israel in the desert, becomes the guardian pillar of light and fire to our friends, a cloud of impenetrable darkness to our enemies." The following apothegm is generally accepted as true. "Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm." What, then, must be thought of the state of a country whose purest ores and brightest thunderbolts are such as Thaddeus Stevens and B —— Butler, after passing through such calamity and confusion? The morals of the following must be left to the casuist. "The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself." What do the advocates of *The Code* think of this? "If all seconds were as adverse to duels as their principals, very little blood would be shed in that way."

The following is commended to every body South of the Potomac, and especially those who live in the track of Sherman and Sheridan: "Murmur at nothing, if our ills are reparable it is ungrateful, if remediless it is vain. A Christian builds his fortitude

on a better foundation than stoicism; he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows that it could not happen unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases him must be best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a father who will prove him with no affliction, that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure." The following anecdote is told in connection with Erasmus' doubts as to whether he had the courage to become a martyr. "Had he been brought to the stake, and recanted in that situation (which no one believes he would have done,) I question whether he would have found a better salvo for his conscience, than that of Mustapha, a Greek Christian, of Constantinople. This man was much respected by the Turk; but a curiosity he could not resist, induced him to run the hazard of being present at some of the esoteric ceremonies of the Moslem faith, to see which, is to incur the penalty of death, unless the infidel should atone for the offence by embracing the faith of Mahomet. Mustapha chose the latter alternative, and this saved his life. As he was known to be a man of strict integrity, he did not escape the remonstrances of former friends, to whom he made this excuse for his apostacy. '*I thought it best to trust a merciful God with my soul, than those wretches with my body.*'"

The following, among others, does not show as high an appreciation of the gentler sex as the author would probably have had, if he had been a better man. "If you cannot fill a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours." Of wit, he says: "Wit, however, is one of the few things which has been rewarded more often than it has been defined. A certain Bishop said to his Chaplain; what is wit? The Chaplain replied, 'The Rectory of B —— is vacant, give it to me and that will be wit.' 'Prove it' said his Lordship, 'and you shall have it.' '*It would be a good thing well applied*,' rejoined the Chaplain." He does not say whether he was rewarded.

The following is too good a repartee to be passed over; it is found in an observation on Voltaire. "Voltaire, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English teacher, at Ferney, burst forth into a violent panegyric upon him; his visitor told him that such praise was most disinterested, for that Haller, by no means, spoke so highly of him. 'Well, well, *n'importe*' replied Voltaire, 'perhaps we are *both* mistaken.'"

The recent war has furnished an opportunity to test the truth of this. "An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englisman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general has said that the best troops would be as follows: an Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full." As we, of the South, are

now the subjects of governmental experiment, the two following will have a home bearing. "Of governments, that of the *mob* is most sanguinary, that of soldiers most expensive, and that of civilians the most vexatious;" and, "Despotism can no more exist in a nation, until the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun has set." Colton might have learnt a lesson of inconsistency, had he remained long enough in our *favored* land, which would have made him drop this axiom, or amend it with an exception.—In a note, our author quotes the following from Sir Wm. Drummond, which, as a proverb maker, he must have envied with his whole heart. "He that will not reason is a bigot, he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave." The following quartette shall close my excerpta. "The excesses of youth are drafts upon old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date." "An act by which we make one friend and one enemy, is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude." "When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good!" "The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much with the discerning, as the injudicious praise of our friends."—Which reminds us of "He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him."—Prov. xxvii. 14. Blatant praise surfeits. Aristides was ostracised for having such friends.

Apothegms, anecdotes, illustrations might be selected *ad infinitum*, but my limits, and possibly the reader's patience forbids. It remains only to tell what became of this unfortunate man, who wrote so wisely, and acted so unwisely. "For a number of years," writes a biographer, "he had suffered a great deal from a complaint, for the cure of which, the knife of the surgeon was indispensable. The disease grew worse, and Colton, going to Fontainebleau, sent for his friend, Maj. Sherwell, and without divulging his intention of committing suicide, said that he must either die by the crisis of the complaint, or risk dying under the operator's hands. He made his will, made Maj. S. acquainted with his wishes, and after chatting pleasantly, bade him good-night and retired. It afterwards appeared, that about midnight he applied a pistol to his head, and by his own hand terminated his existence. He died Saturday, April 28, 1832."

A few days before his death he wrote a short poem which closed with the following stanzas:

"Devouring grave! we might the less deplore
The extinguished lights that in the darkness dwell,
Wouldst thou from that lost zodiac one restore
That might the enigma solve—and doubt, man's tyrant quell
To live in darkness—in despair to die—

Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port—no rock, nor refuge nigh?
There is—to those who fix their anchor hope in Heaven.
Turn then, O man, and cast all else aside;
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above;
Low at the Cross bow down—in that confide,
Till doubt be lost in faith—and bliss secured in love."

THE SYSTEM OF ENGLISH GANG LABOR.

HARDLY had the cry of indignation been hushed at the horrible developments of suffering and ruin perpetrated upon children engaged in manufactories, when the same *Commission* was called upon to expose still more flagrant abuses, prevailing among agricultural labors in certain parts of England, at the details of which indignation can only be equalled by the surprise and pity aroused. Were the facts gathered by any private individual, or proclaimed under the sanction of a political party, people would be ready enough to question their truth. But the work has been done by a Commission of Parliament,* men who would conceal rather than declare a national disgrace. And who, at least in the impartiality that has marked their proceedings, deserve a nation's gratitude.

It is not necessary now to draw comparisons—rather let us state facts. Right or wrong, the leaven of English abolitionism has, as far as the Anglo-Saxon race is concerned, destroyed the institution of Negro Slavery, but the fearful truths of the Report above referred to are, enough surely to make men wonder if England was really in earnest when abolishing slavery, and enquire whether, among certain portions of her laboring classes, a system has not grown up to which negro slavery ranked as freedom.

Abuses among the English people are usually examined into by a Commission. This Commission reports to Parliament, and generally a law, if necessary, is framed to suit the facts evolved. Early in 1867, the Commission completed their report, and not until then did Englishmen realize the horror of the terrible abuse that had crept in among them, which now rests as one of the darkest spots on the escutcheon of a free country.

This evil is known as "the agricultural gang system," and is confined, almost exclusively, to the counties of Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Nottinghamshire, as also to portions of

* See Report of the Children's Employment Commission, 1867.

Northampton, Bedford and Rutland.

An organized gang consists of (1) a gang master, (2) a number of women, (3) a number of children of both sexes. They variously contain from ten to forty persons. About twenty being the usual number. There are two species, (a) private and (b) public gangs. The evils that attend them both, are similar in kind, but the evidence rather goes to establish the fact that public gangs fare better than private ones, i. e., those hired, maintained, controlled, and worked by the farmer himself.

As was said before, the gang consists of three elements, the master, women and children.—These enter into the composition of the organization in no regular proportions, but the number of each depends upon the character of labor for which the gang may be engaged, and upon the capacities of the various localities for supplying either women or children.

The question naturally arises, in what operations do they engage, and during what portion of the year are they employed? Agriculture in England demands a large array of women and children, and it would not be overstating the truth to say that three fifths of the field laborers are women and children. There is a great deal of light work they perform as quickly and as perfectly as men, while their services cost the farmer not half what other labor would. The women and children clean the fields, pick up stones, top and pull turnips, set plants, hoe potatoes, weed the grain, spread manure, gather the crops, etc. In most places the gangs are busy throughout the whole year. Winter and summer, it is toil alike. If they become cold, wet, hungry, weary, the gang master allows them hardly a moment's rest before in his own words they must "go in again."

The most important consideration is the character of the persons controlling and working in these gangs. Many of those composing the gang are adepts in every species of crime and wickedness. This would matter not so greatly if young children year by year were not added to the organization, who in turn are cast loose upon the world, after having served an apprenticeship of six or seven years, amid scenes from which it would be impossible to come forth without having lost shame, virtue, honesty, and every principle elevating to humanity.

The gang master collects together a number of women and children, and engages with a farmer to work by time, or the job. In the larger number of cases these men were found to be totally unfit for the control of children and women, being men who did "catch work," who the farmer was unwilling to receive into his regular employ, "men of indolent and drinking habits, and in some cases of notorious depravity." With such men as their leaders and masters, it could hardly be otherwise, than that the members of the gang should reflect their moral character.—The report is bad from beginning to end, yet no sadder truth is es-

tablished, than that the young adult women are the most degraded and depraved of all the persons employed.

Little children begin to labor in these gangs at five, six, seven, eight and nine years of age.—While the parents sometimes kept their smaller ones at home, in very numerous cases they made "the employment of the younger children a condition upon which they let the older ones go." As the period of labor ranges from eight to fourteen hours per day, it is not difficult to comprehend how destructive are the effects of a system upon the constitution, which demands so lengthened a service from children barely able to walk. Yet all this is true with a still further terrible fact that the children, in addition to eight or fourteen hours' toil as the case may be, are compelled to walk a distance of two, three, four, five, six, seven and even eight miles, each way.—Rarely if ever has such misery been depicted as that unfolded in the leaves of the Commissioners' investigation. We quote an instance or two lest the reader should accuse us of exaggeration:

"A gang master employing children, and having had some as young as six and seven years, used to take his gang to two farms six and seven miles, and two or three times, a distance of seven and eight miles." Again,

"Elsewhere a woman, whose children began young, some before seven years of age, says: 'Mine have gone four, five, six and seven miles,' and adds 'that the little ones, even those getting seven cents a day had to go.'"

It is nothing wonderful then that the children are overcome with fatigue, and that death frequently results from the mere physical prostration and weariness incidental to such cruel and barbarous treatment. Day after day these little ones drag their weary limbs along. If exhausted, they must "go in again." If disposed to play, or indulge in a pleasant word with their neighbor, a stroke from the whip or stick of the gangmaster is the response to that little exuberance of spirit in beings, whose lives are worn away and sacrificed to the rapacity and greed of their heartless employers. But let the report speak.

"A little boy five years old used to be carried home from his work by the other children, and elsewhere, you see the big ones come dragging the little ones home, and sometimes taking them on their backs when over-tired." Another mother says of her little boy, "that he had been six miles, and further, to work, and had come home so tired that he scarcely could stand, and that they had also had to send out, late in the evening, to look for him, and had found him dropped to sleep in a cowshed."

The profits of a gang master rarely exceed the wages earned by an ordinary farm hand. They are gang masters chiefly because they cannot get other employment, whether that inability arises from age, misfortune or misconduct. Their profits are principally made by "piece work," for in certain operations, the amount of labor to be done can be

approximated sufficiently, to render its performance a matter of contract. It is here that the capabilities of the gang master for utilizing the services of his gang become apparent. It is his object and his interest to make the women and children perform the greatest amount of labor in the least possible time, and how he succeeds by promises, threats and blows, the investigation abundantly attests.

"When work is taken by the piece, it is generally said to be harder than at any other time.—The poor children, young as they are, always know whether it is piece work or not, as they say 'when it is piece work they are not allowed to stop one moment to rest.'"

It is the ordinary practice among the gang masters to carry a whip or stick, not so much for use, they say, as to exert a salutary impression upon the children by the presence of such an instrument. Yet instances are recorded in the evidence, and cases have come before the magistrates repeatedly, in which it appeared, the whip was used far more effectively than for purposes of mere fright. Who is to restrain the gang master? He is independent of the employer—bound to him only in the matter of wages, and still worse, the farmers, in the treatment of their own gangs, and in their encouragement and connivance at the abuses of the system, are proven far worse than the gang masters themselves. The children are entirely under their control, and complaints are useless, where, as it frequently occurs, the parents are dissipating in idleness, the gains purchased by the physical and moral destruction of their offspring.

"A mother, whose boy had never complained, says, that on hearing from others of the gang master's 'flogging him,' I looked and found bruises on him from it.—It would be, as I was told, for standing up, or looking about or something of that kind. I did not notice it for fear of making him disobedient. Another mother testifies, that 'one of my girls complained that the gang master had hit her with a spud, but I told her no doubt it was her own fault.'"

Sometimes, the children were cast into the water, at other times held up by the back of the neck and the chin until nearly insensible. Again, knocked down, or kicked, or beaten with hoes and spuds, (straps,) etc. Such, then, are the means of punishment employed by a depraved, irresponsible gang master, upon children whose parents are unwilling to protect them, and who, alas! are unable to protect themselves.—The interest of the gang master, it is evident at a glance, is ever opposed to the well being of the child. Slavery at least prompted the master to protect and preserve the health of a slave, but gang labor, with most of the evils of slavery, adds this one, that the person in whose charge the laborer may be, cannot hope anything from the pecuniary interest of the employer. A redundancy of population will always insure the needed supply of children.—The gang master may destroy

them as he pleases, by excesses of toil, it matters not, others will fill the places of those who have been disabled—or worse—killed outright. The pittance of eight or twelve cents a day will always tempt parents, whose wages are barely sufficient to support themselves, or who may be willing to make victims of their children, to their own sloth and rioting.

The gang system previous to 1868 was largely on the increase. The excuse pleaded is scarcity of labor. But this cry is very much like complaining that one has no family after driving off all his children. In the portion of England cursed by the operations of the gang system, no doubt laborers on the farm are scarce, but it is because landlords have removed and refuse to build farm cottages. And will the reader know why? The answer is obvious; to prevent an increase of the *poor rates*. They have driven the working men out of the parish lest they should become paupers, and thus increase taxation for local purposes, and now reëmploy them in gangs at a much less remuneration than they could do otherwise, without the least possibility of their increasing the parochial roll of pauperism. Forced to leave the farms, the laborers must press into the villages outlying the farming districts. These become "cities of refuge" for the surrounding country, and willing or unwilling, into these dens of infamy, filth and vice, the peasantry must congregate. Farms containing from 150 to 200 acres have not a single resident laborer. All being drawn from the towns and villages in the vicinity, coming out by day and returning at night.

The Commissioners sum up the objections under three heads.

1. The moral effects of herding together a number of women and children, especially when under the control of such men as usually constitute gang masters.

2. The interference with education.

3. The exposing children to such an excessive amount of hardship and suffering.

A system morally, socially, and physically bad, cannot have much good said in its favor. Every individual examined bore unqualified testimony as to the demoralizing tendencies of the gang system. The mere mingling of the sexes in such employment would naturally lead to fearful results, but how much more terrible when under the control of men, who themselves are of the lowest and most sensual type. The older women and children corrupt the younger ones, whenever they become members of the gang, and soon educate them in all the vice and wickedness, they in their turn had acquired under it. Obscene language, oaths and curses are the ordinary styles of expression. With forty persons in a line, the gang masters, even if desirous, would be unable to repress such proceedings. The districts, in which the gang system is found, show a wretched state of morals—no less than three, four, and even five times the usual ratio of illegitimacy being registered. Returning from the fields, the gangs are free from

all restraint whatever, and so low and brutal have they become, that no respectable person, can, without insult, encounter them.—Ninety-five per cent. of them never enter a church, and in ignorance and humanizing qualities they are but little better than the natives of interior Africa. A minister testified that during a missionary life in Africa, he had "never seen such shameless wickedness."

From the very nature of the system, it must act as an absolute bar to even an acquisition of the elements of an education. A large majority of the children enter the gangs previous to their ninth year, an age too early for any progress in, or lengthened retention, of knowledge. The work is too continuous to admit of alternating labor and schooling, and even if a month now and then was given, the influences of the gang have rendered the children too rude and intractable to profit from any short lived advantages.

Yet the educational side has another phase. The farmers are opposed to the introduction of schools. The more ignorant and brutal the people, the more easily are they retained for agricultural services. Not ashamed of introducing and continuing such a system, the farmers hinder as far as they can, all efforts for the improvement and elevation of the children and their parents. One went so far as to say, "that he would sooner give $50 to close a school than $5 to keep it open." Another, "We don't want schools, we can't get servants as it is."

In some places, attempts have been made to set in operation "a half time system," by which the children should work half the week, and attend school the remainder, but so far the efforts of those interested have been unavailing. With parents and employers averse to education, nothing can be done by individuals.—The only preventive is to enforce the majesty of law. And from present indications, compulsory education ere long will put an end to the dreadful evil of gang labor.

The physical hardships and suffering are almost incredible. The duties required are especially injurious to women and children. Carrying stones, and pulling turnips are very trying on the spine, and such labor has tended to treble the rate of infant mortality. The mothers, in order to make the children sleep, drug them with opium, and this must be added to the long list of horrors, which renders the gang system odious in the eyes of a civilized people. A mere statement of facts is all that is necessary. The evils direct and indirect arising out of such a state of things are innumerable. In truth, the whole system has not one ameliorating feature, not one redeeming phase to soften the ruin and misery consequent upon its practice.

To meet the shameful and degrading facts brought to light, by the efforts of the Commission, a law was enacted, which went into operation on the 1st of January, 1868. It decrees that no child, under eight years of age, shall be employed in a gang, that no female shall labor with males,

that no gang-master shall employ females, unless there be a gang-mistress employed with him; that every gang-master or mistress shall be licensed by two Justices of the Peace, which license shall be in force a period of six months, its issuance to cost twenty-five cents, and in no case, to be held by the keeper of a Public House. It also provides that the license shall state the distance, to which the children may be carried for work.

Such are the provisions for the eradication of an evil, unexampled for virulence in the annals of English history. Whether it will answer the end proposed, remains to be seen. The disease has been gently dealt with. The moral difficulties have been but slightly remedied, while the physical are left almost untouched. With parents, farmers, and gang-masters conniving at the practice, the enforcement of the law will be a matter not easily accomplished. Every lover of the human race must rejoice that the evil has attracted attention. The system had advocates indeed: but the voice of the people, beyond the districts interested, was unanimous for the interference of the law. Time alone can determine the efficacy of the prescription. The diseased branches may have been lopped off, but the vigorous root will send them forth again. Englishmen deal slowly and cautiously with political evils, yet they generally deal surely. However thorough and earnest may be one's dislike of the nation, all must give them credit for acting promptly, and the Commissioners for exposing, thoroughly, this practice, so disgraceful and brutalizing to humanity. The gang system is, comparatively, modern, having existed no where, more than sixty years. Yet in its short term of life, it has already reduced to the level of barbarism, thousands who might otherwise have been prosperous, happy, and enlightened.

THE FIRE-FLY.

'Tis in the lazy, summer hours—
The bees are humming 'mid the flowers,
The painted butterfly's at rest
Upon the lily's spotless breast;
Deep in the rose the fire-fly lies
Awaiting evening's darkened skies,
Breathes in its perfume, sucks its dew,
And gathers strength to soar anew,
When darting through the dusky air
'Twill sparkle here and twinkle there.

Just so amid life's flowers, I lie—
Am neither bee nor butterfly—
For in these sunny hours, I find,
That, like the fire-fly, my mind
Will always darken if I rest
Too long on pleasure's perfumed breast,
And brightest shines, when on the wing
And feeling work a glorious thing,
It gathers truth e'en from its doubt
As darkest clouds white snow give out.

So, I but sip the rose's dew
That wasted strength I may renew,
And sparkle with a twinkling light
Ere twilight deepens into night.

MARY BAYARD CLARKE

THE DICKENS' DINNER.

BY T. C. DE LEON.

MR. DICKENS has "been," he certainly has "gone," and there are many who declare admiringly that he has most emphatically "done it."

Several months since, this writer had occasion to review "Mr. Dickens' Readings" in this magazine; and to refer to the wild orgy of boot-licking indulged in by a set of super-servile flunkies. But he then tried to do full justice to the earnest purpose—no less than to the great mental grasp and peculiar humor—of the first writer of his school.

As then predicted Mr. Dickens' tour through the country was one

long and steady ovation. A few rabid newspapers spattered his back with mire, as soon as it was turned; but the great majority licked his boot with a slimy osculation that must have been infinitely more disgusting to him. The more respectable journals, however—and to their great credit be it spoken—were firm and fixed in their declarations of appreciation from first to last. They spoke plainly and honestly of the strong reasons, the American people had to mistrust the hand that had so scourged them before, now that it was so cordially offered to their grasp; but spoke, too, of the very good reasons for that same scourging and gave a warning note for the future.

But despite the snarling of the one, and with little heed for the warning of the other, that potent American Sovereign—the People—rose with one accord to welcome Charles Dickens. They not only "gave him their hands," but—unlike the constituents of Pericles—they held in them goodly sheaves of the "money of the the realm."

If the great humorist saw any peculiar appropriateness in the color of the offering, that certainly did not cause its rejection.

The people welcomed Mr. Dickens of their own free will; the people saw him, heard him, and thrust their greenbacks upon him; and finally—when all else was done, the accredited representatives of the people—the Press—fed him.

For some time, this latter process had been in contemplation, Mr. Dickens himself, unlike a coy young lady, listening to the wooers and "fixing the day" with prompt celerity.

The committee, who invited him to the banquet, was supposed to represent the country; but unless the great city of New York has adopted the favorite axiom of the *Grand Monarque*, it could hardly be said to do so. But the guest accepted it in that light, believing ignorance to be bliss and that there was no folly like losing a good dinner. At last the day arrived.

Delmonico's famous saloon and his no less famous cooks were put under contribution. The rightest right hands in his employ were bid to exercise all their cunning; and the most secret nooks of his cellarage were ransacked for libations fit to pour on such an occasion.

The busy note of preparation and the nose-some steam of close-completion penetrated even into the hungriest nooks of the great Bohemia. Wild eyed men, with long hair depending lank upon greasy collars, blinked in the unaccustomed sunlight, and trod upon each other's unblacked boots in the eager rush before the Secretary's door. But, though, Delmonico might open no sublime Porte, the laws of Grand Turkey (pardon the pun) were inexorable as the Medes; and only two hundred favored and famished penmen were permitted to invest fifteen dollars each, and then *receive an invitation* to the feast.

When the evening came, though the dinner was fixed for the unusual hour of five, the anxious

two hundred were prompt beyond precedent. Conversation, broken by many false alarms and frequent eager glances towards the door, killed the time until the appointed hour. Then the tale was complete, except the anxiously expected guest.

Five minutes passed; ten, fifteen—yet no Dickens appeared.

The parlors were filled with, perhaps, as bright a set of men as could be collected between walls. The great guns of disquisition, the columbiads of argument, the mortars of monthly literature, the small arms of paragraphing, and the pop-crackers of reporting—all these were there—arranged *en barbette* for the grand Salvo to the Field-Marshal of the Pen. But as the evening of doubt settled down over what was to be the grand field—one by one the loud reports of the columbiads fell into silence; the mortars grew black; the small arms ceased to crackle, and even the pop-crackers lost their fizz!

In plain English, Mr. Dickens was late, very late—and every one of his two hundred hosts began to look very blue, and to feel very hungry.

A runner, swift of foot as the sons of Atalanta, was dispatched; then another, and another.—Vague rumors of every conceivable mishap went round the room in uneasy whispers; and every member of the Bohemian Congress offered his own resolution.

It is a fact, worthy of note, that there was no movement to impeach Mr. Dickens!

Perhaps the diners felt the eyes of Delaware were upon them.

Finally, cloudy doubts vanished, and the sun of Dickens shone upon the great two hundred; albeit the foot of Dickens was in a flannel shoe, while he leaned upon a friend and a stick. There was a subdued buzz of welcome, but it was understood the guest was too sick for formal introduction; and—Bohemia behaving itself pretty well on the whole—the dinner began.

There are no better dinners in the world than can be gotten up in America; New York dinners are perhaps the best here; and it is probable Delmonico's are the best in New York.

Therefore, all the details of the feast, eating, drinking, and appointment—which must be taken for granted—were all that could be desired; and more than one guest declared that a more appropriate and excellent dinner, of the kind, was never seen on either side of the Atlantic.

The guest of the evening sat at a centre table, at the head of the great saloon, with the British flag draped above his head. He was flanked by Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, who presided, and by Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*.

Seven other tables ran across the room, so arranged that almost every one might see the lion of the occasion. Then there was fast and furious mastication—violent thrust of fork, and fierce lunge of knife: there was popping of corks, gurgling of fluid and chinking of glass:—and then, all was still.

Everybody—even who had not

heard of them before—has, by this time, read Mr. Dickens' American books; and everybody, of course, remembers the *New York Sewer*, the *Rowdy Journal*, and Mr. Jefferson Brick, as therein described.

It may have been because of their peculiar fitness to heap coals of fire upon his head!—it may have been because "the whirligig of time brings in strange revenges;"—but it has been more than once guessed that the President of the Evening was the Editor of the *Sewer*; and that Mr. Raymond was the original of Jefferson Brick!

It is rather sad to think that the unities were not kept up; but Mr. Bennet, who figured as the man of the *Rowdy Journal*, was absent;—some said from persistent and long-suffering indignation; others because of a misfortune in his family, not to be mentioned here.

When the cloth was withdrawn, Mr. Greeley made some pertinent remarks to introduce the toast to the Guest of the Evening.

To this, Mr. Dickens—though suffering most fearful twinges of gout, and being besides, as hoarse as the raven of his own *Barnaby Rudge*—responded in an earnest and sincere speech, happily put, and with not enough humor to lessen its reality. He spoke of the pleasure his visit had given him; of the vast changes even in manners, and morals; of Progress, with the big P; and of his early mistakes and misrepresentations of the country.

While he did not personally "take it all back," from Mr. Greeley and Mr. Raymond, he yet said plainly in effect that they did him very proud indeed to let him eat their dinner; he did not state any objection to doing so frequently; and it was believed—by one or two ardent and sympathetic young nobles of Bohemia, present—that had Bennet, *père*, been present, Mr. Dickens would have embraced him, offered to kiss his cheek and proposed to write for the personal columns of the *Herald*.

In regard to his two American books already written, Mr. Dickens cried *peccavi* in a voice broken by pledges and promises not to write another. But he stated that he would hereafter give up his own paper—or part of it—to a continuous vindication of America and Americans; to a sort of running fire of "taking it all back." He moreover promised to write—and to make his sons and their sons to the third and fourth generation—write appendices to the two American books; and he drew a beautiful picture of the cordial and unweaned love of the Britisher for the Yankee; of the perfect accord of sympathy, of taste and of thought between the two.

Now, seriously to speak, all due allowance should be made for a man who has been boot-licked and lionized—puffed and enriched—dined and wined. But even under these circumstances there is a flavor of Buncombe about the farewell speech that may give us a suspicion, that many things in his America became him more than the leaving it. We can readily appreciate that—seen through

the magnifying glasses of fifty, things look very different from what they did to the piercing, but superficial glance of twenty-five. Whatever we, at home, may think of our present men, manners and morals—as viewed by the light of Charles Sumner and Ben. Butler, rather than that of Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun; by that of our up-town churches, our stock markets and our absconding tellers, rather than by the hard-fisted cant of Penn and the Puritans—it is natural to understand that the surface seems improved to a stranger.

We have more brown fronts and are addicted to cleaner linen; we wear our hair shorter, and are given to a more generous use of the fork; and we have G. A. Rs. and K. K. Ks. in secret instead of bowie-knife fights in public. On the surface, we are perhaps smoother and cleaner than ever before; but what a seething and foul mass of festering corruption underlies that surface, one must perhaps be in it—if not of it—to appreciate.

It is natural then, that with a calmer judgment weighing the best of everything, as it was presented to him; and with his heart warmed by adulation, real appreciation and pecuniary success, Mr. Dickens should have sung his palinode. We can feel that he really meant what he said; and can even honor him for a full and frank confession of an error of his youth.

But it may strike us that the promise to *write up* America in his particular journal will, perhaps, be as evanescent as the bubbles that broke in his wine that night; and could we suspect the great author of being—like his own Jerry Cruncher—"an honest tradesman," there would seem an admirable advertisement for new editions of the American books in the promised appendices.

But the most absurd—and seemingly the most insincere-thing Mr. Dickens said was about the American in England.

The native Britisher thinks that every other nationality is far beneath his own—and none so immeasurably far as the American. Once he pitied and despised "the blasted Yankee." Now he looks on him with a fierce loathing—with contempt not unmixed with fear.

The conventional American, he still considers a long-haired creature, with jack-knife, yellow waistcoat and dress-coat at breakfast; and—whatever travel and association may have done in individual cases—what the *national* opinion of the Yankee is we can find by easy reference to a file of *Punch*; to the leaders of the *Times*; to the Alabama question, or to any well thumbed copy of "*Martin Chuzzlewit!*"

But I have wandered so far from the dinner it has grown cold.

After Mr. Dickens, the "New York Press" was toasted, for the after dinner sentiments,—like those of Charity—began at home. Mr. Raymond—*not* in the character of Jefferson Brick—responded in a sensible and condensed speech. Then there were given *seriatim* the Weekly, Monthly, Boston, Philadelphia, North-west-

ern, South-western, Southern and all the other presses.

There were responses, long and short, scholarly and flippant—smelling of the lamp and again of bread-and-butter. Long before they were half over, Mr. Dickens retired from the scene with a pain in his toe—but let us hope, with peace in his heart.

He will eat no more dinners with us for the present; but, for the sake of literature, we should hope he eat many another hearty one elsewhere,

"And good digestion wait on appetite."

One fact about the dinner reflects great credit on all concerned. Two hundred men dined together, with unlimited wine and sitting far into the night; yet, I have not heard that one of them showed he had taken a single glass too much.

One fact may interest your readers. When the order of the dinner was shown to Mr. Dickens, he made but one comment:—"I am *very* glad the Southern Press was not omitted."

When that toast was offered, Mr. Greeley, in a few happy remarks introduced Mr. Edwin De Leon—the Editor of the *Southern Press* in the days before the flood—as "its genealogical representative;" and he briefly responded with a statement that the South had ever appreciated the Guest of the Evening; and that he hoped the press of the two sections, "so long dissevered, discordant—belligerent"—might now reünite in the great work of peace and good will towards men.

Such was the Dickens' Dinner; or rather, such was Mr. Dickens at the dinner.

That there was some sincerity in the utter recantation he made, seems proven by the fact that, next evening—after his last reading in America—when untoasted, undined and unwined, he said, substantially, the same things in the self-same matter.

THE OLD MAN'S "YESTERDAY."

BY EDWARD A. JENKS.

"Was't yesterday? Yes, 'twas yesterday!
It must have been yesterday morn:—
I stood on the bank of the River Ray,
Where the squadrons of martial corn
Their silken banner had just unfurled
To the breeze, by the singing stream,
When a vision of beauty, all golden-curled,
Grew into my waking dream.

"I know it was yesterday,—for now
The rustle I seem to hear,
As the tall corn parted right and left,
And a voice rang soft and clear,—
'Wait, Willie, wait! I am almost there!
I said I would grant your wish,—
So I've made a line of my golden hair,
And am coming to help you fish!'

"Yes! (why do I doubt?) it *was* yesterday—
For I see the soft tassels there
Sunning themselves in a worshipful way
In the light of her yellow hair,
While her voice rings merrily over the corn,—
'Oh, Willie! come help me through,
For I am "the maiden all forlorn,"
And my feet are wet with dew.

"'And you know I'm coming to help you fish—
But you'll think me a silly girl,
For I haven't a bit of bait—but wait!
I'll bait with a tiny curl!
And, Willie, say—do you think they'll bite?
And then, what shall I do?
Must I pull and pull with all my might?
But I'll wait, and look at you!'

"Ah, me! ah, me! *was* it yesterday?
It seems but a day ago!
Yet three-score years of yesterdays
Have whitened my head with snow
Since we sat, in that sweetest of summer-times,—
I and my beautiful May,—
Coining our love into wedding chimes,
On the bank of the River Ray."

Memphis, Tennessee.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER X.

THE mail was generally brought in, while we were at breakfast, when Alfred would glance over the letters and papers with a gloomy, and abstracted air, then throw them down impatiently as if weary of the sight of them; or, if it was a letter from his father, retire with it to his own room.

One morning—shall I ever forget that day?—the papers were brought in as usual and placed beside his plate before he came down.

He picked up several, glanced his eye over their contents, took another, looked over that, when his eye falling upon a section of a column was arrested suddenly by something.

"What is the matter?" I exclaimed, alarmed out of all my awe, for ghastly as death, I thought he would fall.

I ran to him, but before I could reach where he had sat a second ago, he was gone,—gone, I knew not whither, out from the house, stricken by some additional calamity.

Too frightened and trembling to stand, I sank down by the paper and took it between my palsied fingers, afraid to see what might meet my eyes as it had done his. In his violence he had torn the sheet, so it was easy to find what had caused his sudden and terrible emotion.

Yes, she was married now,—had been united for two days to a man who, it was to be hoped for his own sake, was as vain and heartless as herself; and this had caused his sudden paleness and departure. Poor, suffering Alfred! it is for this woman that you are throwing away your youth and existence. Well, she was married—and to Moloch, her god. The world would flock to her standard, and its denizens vie with one another in doing homage to her beauty, while the heart she had crushed was bleeding like a wounded stag.

Enough of her!—I threw the paper away. Did a sensation of selfish relief mingle with my sorrow for him? I can only say that it was natural if it did; but intense anxiety banished it at once as the fearful effect of the news we had just received flashed upon my mind.

Where is he? where had he gone? I cried out aloud. If his grief was such before, what will it be now?

"Where has your master gone?" I asked of Tom, whom I met at the door.

"I don't know 'zactly, madam, I think I saw him go through the park into the woods."

To do what? I asked myself, in a frightened whisper.

He did not return that day nor the next.

* Continued from page 241.

I neglected my usual occupations, for I was too wretchedly uneasy to fix my mind on any one thing, and wandered about the house and grounds looking for nothing, thinking of nothing, but his return. The servants seemed to be aware that something more than usual was the matter, though I strove to hide my uneasiness from them, and they had a hushed, scared look that the whole place appeared to wear as well as they.

On the evening of the second day, I could stand it no longer. I did not know what his anguish and despair might lead him to do. Wandering about the house with the hope of meeting him on his return, to his room repeatedly to see if he could have come back without our knowledge, till in the evening my uneasiness framed itself into words, and simply telling Melissa of the news, I took her with me to the woods, frightened out of the awe in which I had stood of him, and the fear of intruding upon his solitude, into so bold a step. We walked and walked, but saw no one there.—Twilight fell, then darkness, but he was not to be seen. Anxiety shaped itself into every imaginable evil, and suffering intensely I was obliged, when I could see no longer, to return home.

Every sound that night I imagined to be his footfall in the passage leading to his chamber.—But the morning came and he was not there, so I ascertained by the door ajar, and the silence that reigned in his apartment. I opened it wide and saw that all was as he had left it two days ago, a solemn hush upon it that told of greater desolation than in any previous absence.

With bitter disappointment I descended the stairs and passed another wretched day. The evening came again. I wandered about the grounds in restless misery, unable to conceive where his hiding place might be.

I was in the garden at dusk, pacing the walks in all directions, when I perceived a tall, dark figure stealing by a side door into the building.

It is he, I cried, in one respect my anxieties removed, and I hurried to the house as fast as my trembling limbs would take me. Ascending to his door, I found it closed and locked, so I knew that he was within.

That night when all was dark and silent, save one heavy footfall, resounding like the march of death throughout the house, I stole to the door and seated myself as was my wont, upon the sill, there to grieve for him, and with him, while I listened to his passionate tread, heavier than before, and the groans that seemed to rend his heart in twain, and that went like a dagger into mine.

It was maddening, to sit there motionless, with no power to comfort, to hear such agony without the privilege of attempting the slightest alleviation. I could not be nearer, he would not let me comfort him, and all that I could do, was to weep at his threshold, be one with him at least in grief and suffering.

How little he knew who was at the door! who would have flown

to weep with him since she could not comfort.

The woman that bore his name, the poor heart that his father had plucked for him as a wild primrose, whose fragrance he deemed to be unworthy of his acceptance.

I lay there for hours, chilled and cramped, yet I could not leave him, listening to his movements and trying to gather from them his state of mind.

He paused in his rapid, irregular, movements, and I heard him go to his desk, open it, and busily engage himself with something for a moment.

A rapid step,—the report of a pistol,—a sudden fall. Oh! God! he had killed himself.

I did not shriek, for horror sealed my lips, but I beat wildly against the door, shook and beat till my hands bled. It was fast locked—oh! I must get in!

Should I call the servants and expose his shame to them before I could do anything for him? Remembering that the roof of the piazza ran below his window, and that I had heard him raise the latter, I ran into the adjoining apartment, got out of the window on the steep roof, clung by the ledge till I reached that nearest his room, found it open and climbed in.

The moonlight was streaming in on his upturned face where he lay, weltering in his blood, shed by his own—oh! horror—his own hand. A pistol lay a few inches from him, soaked in gore, and the dark stream oozed noiselessly from a wound in his breast.

Was he dead? With a stifled cry in my heart, an anguished appeal for help to the only One who was witness, with me, of this scene, I knelt to see. Not now—not now, oh! God! I cried, not from *this* to take him, not in his sin. Oh! grant that life be there still. Do not kill me too.

I put my ear to his lips, my hand on his gory breast. Yes—oh! thank Him, he still breathed. Afraid to utter the cry of thanksgiving that arose to my lips, for fear that the next moment would dash away the last hope, I set to work. I had some difficulty in getting at the wound, fearful as I was that moving him might accelerate the life stream that flowed from his side. But carefully unfastening the vest with my trembling fingers, I tore open the shirt which was perforated in two places by the pistol balls.

It was not directly in his breast; the ball had taken a lateral course and was embedded half way to the arm pit, instead of striking at the heart where he had aimed it. An ugly, horrid wound it was, but I was thankful that the blood did not flow from a mangled heart. From this there might be hope. I tore a sheet up and bound it quickly, staunching it as well as I could.

No time was to be lost. Wiping up the blood around him with a sponge and disposing him as decently as it was possible to be done, I unlocked the door and hurried away for a physician to be summoned.

The apartments of the house servants were over the kitchen, except that of Melissa who slept in the attic; and it was to arouse

his old nurse that I hastened for the purpose. I was up the steep, and narrow stairs at almost one bound, and ran along the dark passage to her door.

She was in a deep sleep when I entered the room, snoring spasmodically, with her yellow turban half on and half off, her mouth open to its utmost extent. I had not taken time to search for a candle, but could see quite distinctly by the moonlight flooding the little room, under the green and white paper blind which was partly rolled up.

"Melissa!" A loud snore was my only answer. "Melissa!" I shook her gently, but she still slept that deep sleep peculiar to many of her race. "Oh! Melissa, wake up." This time I shook her so energetically that it had the effect of partially arousing her.

"Hey! what is it?" she cried, starting up and looking stupidly around her.

"Up, up," I shook her again, "your young master wants you."

"Missey's that you? Good Lor! how you did frighten me! Oh! missey, what's the matter?"

"Your young master is sick," I replied as collectedly as possible, so as not to alarm her out of all self-control. "Go as fast as you can and tell one of the boys to be off immediately for Dr. Green."

Bewildered, frightened, she had hardly the sense to understand me, but comprehending from my manner the need of the utmost celerity, she hurried on her frock and ran to the servants' quarters as I urged her, while I returned to Alfred.

He was as I had left him, except that the deep stain of the bandages told of his life-blood still ebbing away. In an agony of impatience, I listened for the trampling of a horse's feet, proving that Melissa had been successful in her errand, and that speedy succor might arrive. The time seemed interminable before the welcome sound was heard, and a rapid galloping in the lane told me that the messenger was off at last.

When I heard Melissa's steps returning in the passage, I went out to meet her and said,

"Remain outside till I call you."

"Mayn't I see him, my honey darling, my poor sick child?" she cried in a tone of deep injury.

"No," I replied imperatively, as I reëntered the apartment, closing the door, noiselessly, after me, for I feared that her self-control might desert her, completely, at the first view of him, horrible sight as it was, and she would utter some exclamation that would precipitate the catastrophe before the doctor could arrive.

I seated myself on the floor at his head, just raised it a little to put it in my lap, bending over him to catch his faint breathings, and feel that he yet lived. He lived, but so cold and clammy were his hands, so like death. I took one in mine and chafed it between them, and smoothed up his wild, tangled hair from his forehead, then looked down on the white, upturned face, for the first time, beginning to think,—though thought was dangerous

then, and wild thrills of horror ran through me as the scene, with its full meaning, forced itself upon my awakening senses.

What I felt and suffered during that time I cannot tell. While watching and waiting, sitting there with his head pillowed on my bosom, the hand, that I had never dared to touch but as a stranger, lying so helplessly in mine, his life fast ebbing away, counting the minutes as if they had been hours; with old Melissa curled up against the door outside, no sound disturbing the intense, oppressive quiet but her breathing, there fell, as it were, great scales from my eyes.

Suddenly it came to me with full force, my sin in worshipping the creature of the Creator. He whom I had deemed perfection, as incapable of error, was, after all, very fallible, very sinful, had committed that most awful crime of taking the life that God gave him. He was no longer a hero in my imagination, a star of purity and perfection, but a frail, perishable mortal, subject to sin as the worst of us,—and of such sin!

His sufferings had been long and terrible, the deep furrows on his forehead showed what his mental anguish had been; but then the mercy and love of God were great too,—could he not have cast his weakness upon Him and thus gained strength for support under blasted, earthly hopes?

He had been no professor of religion, yet his life had almost borne testimony against the transforming power of the latter in its pure and perfect morality. Now how fallen! The morality of the world will do in the sunny smiles of prosperity, but let adversity come, and the boasted bulwarks are swept away, the creature lies there subject to be tempest-tost of passion, no sustaining God to keep him steady in the paths of right.

Thus lay Alfred Chauncey—and I, who had worshipped him as an ideal of beauty and excellence, that no mortal had ever equalled,—was undeceived, saw my error as I had never seen it before. It was not love nor admiration I felt at that moment, but an intense pity and shame for his miserable weakness. So weak! to take his own life. Poor boy! poor boy! I felt towards him like a mother to an erring, sick child; all my awe gone just then, and nothing but the tenderest pity and sorrow for him, while I silently prayed that he might live, at least, long enough for repentance and a fitter preparation for meeting One into whose presence he had attempted so suddenly to rush.

As I said before, I had to respect where I loved, and my adoration of him had originated in his fancied perfection. All my hero-worship was now gone,—nothing but flesh and blood after all—the fallen, broken clay idol dashed to pieces at my feet.

My heart sickened, I felt as if we were both so weak and sinful, the worshipper and the worshipped, as if we lay under the same ban.

Ah! no, I had not been guilty of self-murder; my crime had been that of idolatry,—elevating a creature to the place of the

Creator; but awakened at last to its power and extent—fearfully awakened.

I felt his hand growing colder, but the bleeding had ceased as I saw by the fresh bandages, which were unstained as yet.

An hour passed thus;—two hours, oh! when would the doctor come? There was nothing I could do for him, but to sit patiently and hold his head.

I had always felt myself so inferior to him—not in a worldly point of view, or in social position, for the power of such vulgar distinctions I did not acknowledge where true refinement and mental culture should meet, but I felt myself unequal in so many things. He was exceedingly handsome, and I thought myself so plain; he so graceful and elegant in manner, I so nervous and awkward. Then compared to his high mental attainments, what was my poor little knowledge? When I had heard him conversing with others I felt my ignorance so deeply, yet more my want of power to express myself, which a dearth of intellectual intercourse had prevented me from acquiring. We had many thoughts in common; ideas that I had heard him express with such grace and fluency had been mine also, but we had never interchanged them, therefore he knew nothing of my abilities or attainments. Now the awe was gone—awe of the poor bleeding object, wounded by his own guilty hand—God forgive him, I prayed tearfully—oh! come what grief may, I could never do that. The poor form with the little light struggling in it—a helpless human creature. The elegant, the gifted, what was his beauty or his grace to him at that hour, which the trembling of his fingers had prevented being his last on earth?

Will he die? I pressed my cheek to his forehead; it was warming a little. He never moved nor spoke; the stern frown yet furrowed his brow, as if even in unconsciousness the resolution to die remained firm. I smoothed again the long, wavy hair, and taking up one of the curls pressed it sorrowfully to my lips, for the memory of what he had been, of what I had been wont to consider him. So I sat thus and watched him as he lay, the work of his own—ah! can I say it?—wicked hand.

Will the doctor never come?—From a torturing agony of impatience I relapse into the calmness of despair, and growing hopeless I waited for the end.

Carriage wheels at last. With difficulty repressing a start of relief, I called Melissa. She went to meet the physician and I soon heard them coming up stairs. I gently moved his head from my lap and placed it on a pillow, hid the blood as well as I could that his eyes might not be startled by the sight of the deed at once, then went out softly to meet Dr. Green, enduring such shame at the thought of his exposure to another.

"What is the matter with your husband, madam?" asked the physician, a portly, handsome man of middle age.

"His pistol went of and wounded him in the side," I answered

without meeting the doctor's inquiring eyes, and turning to Alfred's door with him.

"Is it *that* that's the matter with him?" exclaimed Melissa; "what'll become of my poor child?"

I felt the doctor's searching gaze, but he entered without making any further remark at the time.

He was an old family physician, had known us all from infancy, so I minded him less than I would have done a stranger, yet my lips writhed to speak the horrible words, and gasping for breath I could hardly articulate. Praying for strength, I took his hand as I led him in and looked him beseechingly in the face.

"Oh! doctor, his sufferings have been terrible. Indeed, indeed they have. In a fit of desperation, he—he hurt himself."

Without a word, with compressed lips, the doctor advanced with me to the prostrate figure.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, then, without saying more, he proceeded to work.

"Tell me, sir," I asked breathlessly, "there is hope?"

"Yes," he replied, after a rapid examination, "there is hope. Thank Heaven he has not killed himself, though he was within an ace of it, and will be a dead man yet before dawn, if every care is not taken."

Melissa had come in now, an abrupt warning from the doctor having silenced her cries and lamentations.

How shall we get him in bed, doctor?"

"Can't do it, madam. You'll have to fix a mattress on the floor till the blood is stopped and the ball extricated. *That* will be a job."

We arranged a bed for him as we could, when the doctor had dressed his wound, and with the help of the man who had gone for the latter, and who was called in for the purpose, placed him upon it with great difficulty.

A pool of blood lay where he had been.

"Oh! Lor! oh! Lor!" groaned Melissa, as she wiped it up, "that young marster should see such a day as this!"

During all this time, Alfred had not regained his consciousness, but lay still in a deathlike stupor.

When the doctor left me, day was far advanced.

"Now rest, my dear madam," he said compassionately, "you can do nothing at present."

"*Rest?*" I echoed, and shook my head as if the subject was not even worth talking about.

Rest? For days and weeks, by night and day I sat by his bedside, anticipating every need, living but for him, almost sleepless; unconscious of fatigue, want of rest or sleep, my post was there.

His life hung upon a thread, for delirium and brain fever succeeded the first stupor from loss of blood. The deep mental suffering of months, the frequent exposure by day and by night in the wet and cold, long vigils and fastings from food, then that last—oh! I cannot speak it now!—had done their work, and that terrible struggle began between a naturally fine constitution and these contending causes of extreme danger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

Mr. Preston's first visit to the White House.—I was not yet 18. My father thought it was desirable for me to see somewhat of my own country before going to Europe, and decided to send me to Washington City, where Congress was then in session. He gave me letters to Mr. Madison, and others, but put me under the special care of his friend and kinsman, General B. My reception by this gentleman was cold, stiff and formal, but not deficient in what are called the substantial kindnesses; that is, he was willing to do the useful, but was not at all capable of doing the graceful. He professed his willingness to serve me, said he would introduce me to the Hall, advised me to take my lodging in his mess, and said, if I chose, he would introduce me to the President: although he, himself, was a Federalist, he offered to go with me the next day to present my letter.

My imagination was much dilated with Washington and Congress. The war was in progress. Clay, Calhoun, Cheves and others filled the public attention, and contested the public admiration. My heart bounded as I looked upon these gentlemen, not indeed as I looked upon my icy Federalist. Next morning, however, I drifted with this iceberg to the President's house, with thronging notions of magnificent scenes and illustrious characters. I was very painfully impressed with the approaching introduction. I was very raw, I doubt not very awkward. I and my conductor proceeded in the hack in utter silence, the General not uttering one word. The appearance of the house and grounds was very grand; there was a multitude of carriages at the door, many persons were going in and coming out, especially many persons in gaudy regimentals. I followed the stately old Sachem with a sort of awe. Upon entering a room where there were some fifteen or twenty persons, Mr. Madison turned towards us and said: "Good-morning, Gen. B." The General said, presenting his victim, "my young kinsman, Mr. Preston, who has come to present his respects to you and Mrs. Madison." The President said to a servant, "Tell Mrs. Madison, General B. and young Mr. Preston have called to see her." The President was a little man with a powdered head, having an abstract air and a pale countenance, with but little flow of courtesy.—Around the room was a blaze of military men and naval officers in brilliant uniforms. The furniture of the room, with the brilliant mirrors, was very magnificent.—The General and I stood, until I felt it was awkward; while we yet stood, Mrs. Madison entered, a tall, portly, elegant lady, with a turban on her head and a book in her hand. She advanced straight to me, and extending her left hand, said: "Are you William

Campbell Preston, the son of my old friend and most beloved kinswoman, Sally Campbell?" I assented, I suppose. She said, "Sit down, my son, for you are my son, and I am the first person who ever saw you in this world. Mr. Madison," said she, "this is the son of Mrs. Preston, who was born in Philadelphia." The President shook hands with me cordially. "Gen. Wilkinson," said she, addressing a gentleman who seemed to have been dipped in Pactolus, "I must present this young gentleman to our distinguished men—Capt. Decatur, Mr. Cheves—and yet, after all, you would as soon be presented to the young ladies," said she, turning to three, who entered at this moment—"Miss Maria Mayo, Miss Worthington, and your kinswoman, Miss Sally Coles. Now, young ladies, this young gentleman, if not my son, is my protegé, and I commend him to your special consideration.—With you, he shall be my guest at the White House as long as he remains in the city. This, General B., I have the right to do, for while you are his father's kinsman, I am his mother's kinswoman, and stand towards him in the relation of a parent." All this was performed with an easy grace and benignity, which no woman in the world could have exceeded. My awkwardness and the terror, which had risen in my bosom, on entering the fine house—all suddenly subsided into a romantic admiration for the magnificent woman before me. With something of a romantic turn of thought and expression, I said,

"If General B. thinks fit to be divested of the trouble of my guardianship, it will, of course, be very agreeable to me to be subject to the Providence of Mrs. Madison." Turning to a servant, she said: "Paine left us this morning, and his room, next to Mr. Coles', is vacant, that is for Mr. Preston. Now, Mr. P. you are at home."

Thus suddenly and strangely domesticated, in the President's house, I found myself translated into a new and sort of Fairy existence.

Edward Coles* was private Secretary to the President, a relation, a thorough gentleman, and one of the best natured, and most kindly affectioned men, it has ever been my good fortune to know. He was an inmate of the house, as were Miss Mayo, afterwards Mrs. General Scott, and Miss Coles, afterwards Mrs. Andrew Stevenson. These ladies were experienced belles, now used to reigning over, and swaying a multitude of willing subjects. They soon turned me to account, made me useful as an attendant, were entertained by my freshness, perhaps amused at my greenness. I rode with them, danced with them, waited on them, and in a short time, they created, or developed in me a talent for thread paper verses, on which they levied contributions. When I met Mrs. Scott, in New York, in 185— she gracefully, and even touchingly, alluded to one of these half extempores, which, with the tact, that made her so admired, she had remembered for thirty years.

*Afterwards first Governor of Illinois.

Being thus domesticated at the President's, and regularly appointed *Cavalier Servante* to two belles, I was swept into a current of fashionable dissipation without being subject to much excitement about it, or regarding myself as aught, but a looker on. The country was in the midst of the agony of the war. Mr. Madison's position was painful and difficult; his labors were incessant; his countenance was pallid and hard; his social intercourse was entirely committed to Mrs. Madison, and was managed with infinite tact and elegance. He appeared in society daily, with an unmoved and abstract air, not relaxing except towards the end of a protracted dinner with confidential friends, after he had drunk a quantity of wine. Then he became anecdotal, facetious, a little broad, occasionally, in his discourse, after the manner of the old school. His most confidential companion was a Mr. Cutts, a kinsman of his wife, whom Gen. Jackson afterwards removed from office. This gentleman habitually recounted to the President, over a glass of wine, the news, gossip and *on dits* of the day. Mr. Madison listened with interest to his details, frequently interposing questions in a dry, keen way and, as it seemed to me, directing his inquiries more to personal matters than to things of real importance. He showed more interest in hearing about General Marshall, as he called the Chief Justice, than in regard to any one else, frequently asking, "what does General Marshall say about such and such matters?" For the diplomatic corps (I forget who they were,) he habitually, and somewhat ostentatiously, expressed the most thorough contempt. Mrs. Madison told me, the necessities of society made sad inroads upon his time, and that she was wearied with it to exhaustion. As she always entered the drawing-room with a volume in her hand, I said, "Still you have time to read?" "Oh! no," said she, "not a word; I have this book in my hand—a very fine copy of Don Quixote—to have something not ungraceful to hold, and if need be, to supply a word of talk." She was always prompt in making her appearance in the drawing-room, and when out of it, was very assiduous with household offices. She told me that Mr. Madison slept very little, going to bed late and getting up frequently during the night to write or read, for which purpose a candle was always kept burning in the chamber. When not in company, he habitually addressed Mrs. Madison by the familiar epithet of Dolly, under the influence of which, the lady, and on no other occasion, relaxed the deliberate and somewhat stately demeanor, which always characterized her.

As to the graver matters which stirred the minds of men at that exciting period, I was too young to comprehend them, or to be much interested in them. I was a gay young man, favorably received and considered in consequence of being in the White House, and a pet of Mrs. Madison, she being universally beloved and admired. When I

knew her in after life, widowed, poor and without the prestige of station, I found her the same good-natured, kind-hearted, considerate, stately person that she had been in the heyday of her fortunes. Many of her minor habits, formed in early life, continued upon her in old age and poverty. Her manner was urbane, gracious, with an almost imperceptible touch of Quakerism. She continued to the last to wear around her shoulders a magnificent shawl of a green color. She always wore a lofty turban, and took snuff from a snuff-box of lava or platina, never from gold. Two years before her death, I was in a whist party with her, when Mr. John Q. Adams was her partner and Lord Ashburton mine. Each of the three was over 70 years of age.

My gay residence in Washington, which my father considered a part of the education he had prescribed for me, certainly put out of my head any serious thoughts of continuous study, and gave me a very decided turn for gay society. I, however, was soon thrown by him into a comparatively solitary way of life, at least removed from the fascinations of fashion and dissipation. Having flashed and floated along this bright current for four or five weeks, I returned to my remote village of Abingdon, Va., making the journey of four hundred miles on horseback, thus having time, during the solitary ride through the mountains, to recover from the gay and excited scenes through which I had passed.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

We wish to present to the farmers and *ci-devant* planters of the South, some reasons for adopting a more extensive system of sheep husbandry;—and to endeavor to account for the failure which has attended such efforts heretofore. Our small experience in raising sheep has taught us three things in regard to them.

1st. They can subsist upon a less quantity, and cheaper quality of food than any other domestic animal.

2nd. They enrich the pastures in which they are kept, sooner, in proportion to their size and number, than any other animal.

3d. They destroy coarse herbage and noxious weeds, as if by magic, and induce the growth of tender, nutritious grasses.

When we add to this, the fact that in those portions of the world where the most enlightened system of agriculture prevails, and where farming lands are valued at $500 per acre, a farmer's thrift is estimated by the number of sheep he keeps in pro-

portion to his number of acres, we must believe that we are very blind to our interests, in neglecting this branch of rural industry as we do. The planters of the South have never evinced any want of intelligence and energy in producing paying crops. The great commercial value of their crops of rice, cotton, and tobacco, enriched not only the South, but the whole nation. And we believe that now, even upon the wreck of their whole former system of industry, the same intelligence and energy, which enabled them to contribute so largely to the civilization and prosperity of the world—keeping up the busy whirl of millions of spindles in Great Britain, France, and Northern United States,—will be but turned into a new channel after the present depression has passed away. It is true that agriculture, at present, in the South, is at the lowest ebb. It is so hard a life, and the profits so small, that none but those, who have no other resource, are willing to engage in it. Yet, as thousands really have no other resource, their land being their only possession, we should endeavor to bring the wisdom of a "multitude of counselors" to bear upon the subject, in order to give them such advice as will, if followed, lighten their labors and increase their profits. That agriculture can, and does, pay handsomely even since the war, has been too clearly and practically demonstrated by Mr. David Dickson and others, to admit of a doubt. Yet, the majority of farmers, relying upon bountiful Mother Nature, do show frequently an amount of thriftlessness, which would ruin any other business but that of the farmer. We would say that a grocer, who stored his cheese in a rat-infested cellar, and his sugar and salt in a leaky roofed ware-house, had no right to complain if he were ruined. Yet, we listen with grave sympathy to the aggrieved farmer who mourns over the ravages of dogs among his sheep, and who declares it impossible to raise sheep because the dogs *will* kill them. He would consider it almost an insult if you were to reply, "You cannot raise corn either, for the cattle *will* destroy it."

If he retains his temper, however, he will say, "I have good fences around my corn fields, which exclude cattle."

Ah yes, here common sense comes into play. If he thought it worth while to go to the same expense to protect his sheep that he does to protect his corn, we would hear no more of the one being destroyed by the dogs than the other by the cattle. And the interest of half the money invested in fences would provide shepherds for all the sheep in the country.

A well known agricultural writer says: "Strange as it may seem, the greatest investment in this country, the most costly production of human industry, *is the common fences*, which divide the fields from the highways and separate them from each other. No man dreams that when compared with the outlay for these unpretending monuments of art, our cities and our towns, with all

their wealth, are left far behind. You will scarcely believe me when I say that the fences of this country cost more than twenty times the amount of specie that is in it." Were the interest of half the amount invested in fences, put into the wages of shepherds and food for sheep, the produce of the country could be increased ten fold. If a farmer, who is allowing a flock of 300 sheep to wander unprotected around his neighborhood, were to take one hand out of his crop, and allow him to devote his whole time to the care of the sheep, he would lose thereby the produce of twenty acres of land. Say this twenty acres would yield 200 bushels of corn, valued at $250. But his gain would be as follows: In England, according to Stephens, 300 sheep will manure sufficiently one acre of land in one week.—When an English farmer says that an acre is sufficiently manured, he means that more than that quantity would be injurious. They value the manure thus given per week at £3, ($15.) Therefore these 300 sheep will bring to the highest degree of fertility 52 acres of land annually—valued at £156, ($780,) as compared with the cost of commercial manures. Subtract the $250 which your shepherd would have made in the culture of corn, and $150 for winter food for your sheep, and you have a surplus of $380. But this is only the beginning. The next year you may count on this 52 acres yielding at least forty bushels where it yielded probably ten previously, and this is a gain of thirty bushels per acre, or 1,560 bushels in the aggregate—$1,950 in value.

I have estimated the winter food at 50 cents per head, although in South Carolina it was formerly estimated at 20 cents per head.—When the Norfolk breed of sheep was popular in Norfolk, England, their winter food was estimated at 5s., ($1.25) per head, while in Sussex, where the South Down breed was the favorite, the winter food was estimated at only 3s., (75 cents) per head, and this great difference was decided to be owing entirely to the difference in the breed. Our winters are much shorter, and we think 50 cents per head a fair estimate. In Saxony, where sheep husbandry is carried to great perfection, the quantity of hay considered necessary is calculated to be one-thirtieth part of the weight of the live animal per day. In summer the sheep, at the South, require no food, but only the constant care of the shepherd, to protect them from dogs, and to be regularly folded at night, on the lands undergoing the fertilizing process. They must also be regularly supplied with salt. During the last century, the number of sheep kept in England has nearly or quite doubled. Her agricultural progress keeps ahead of that of France, just in the proportion that her number of sheep (per acre) outnumber those of France. Omitting Scotland from the calculation, England keeps three sheep per acre to one kept by France. But the French are gaining rapidly upon their English neighbors, under the guidance of the most extensive of European farmers—the emperor Napoleon, whose practical knowl-

edge of agriculture is carried out into results so successful that we expect to hear the admiration of his subjects find expression in the soubriquet of "Métayer Napoleon," as the English formerly lovingly denominated their George III. "Farmer George."

Lieutenant-Governor Stanton, of Ohio, says in regard to sheep raising in England:

"One thing that struck me very forcibly was, that all farmers testified that sheep raising was absolutely indispensable to successful farming; and that without them the whole kingdom would, in a few years, be reduced to barrenness and sterility. It is in this view, that I regard sheep raising in this country as more important to the ultimate and permanent prosperity of the country, than on account of their profits. Whatever else may happen, we cannot permit the virgin soil and these beautiful fields of ours to be reduced to barrenness by the time they pass into the hands of our children and grandchildren. The fertility must be preserved at all hazards, even at the expense of present profit."

We have been considering the value of sheep husbandry merely as a means of enriching our lands, and upon this advantage we will continue to dwell, although Bakewell, the great English farmer, scorned this idea as much as a Southern planter would have scorned the idea of raising cotton on account of the fertilizing qualities of the cotton seed. But we are so far behind our English friends in farming—not in planting—that we must not attempt to overtake them at a single step. Let us enrich our lands first, and then we can, like Bakewell, talk of the fineness of the fleece, and the flavor of the mutton.

As an instance of the intelligence and energy of a Southern planter, even under the most adverse circumstances, we will again refer to Mr. David Dickson, of Georgia. He takes the agricultural position at the South, which the late Earl of Leicester recently occupied in England, and makes his piney woods land yield at the rate of 2,700 pounds cotton per acre, by expending $17 per acre in bone dust, guano, and plaster. (See *Southern Cultivator*, March 1868, page 87.) Let us suppose the case of two young farmers located in Mr. Dickson's neighborhood, and determined to follow his example in expenditure upon their lands. We will suppose each to have $4,000 in bank stock, the annual interest of which they determine to devote to the enrichment of their lands. The first closely follows Mr. Dickson's footsteps, and lays out his $400, per year, in commercial manures at the rate of $17 per acre, extending over something less than 24 acres. He acts wisely, but might he not do better still. His neighbor puts $750 of his capital into sheep, (at $2.50 per head) leaving $3,250; the interest of which he devotes to purchasing food for them, and paying his shepherd. He manures "sufficiently" in the English sense of the word, 52 acres in the course of a year, more than double the amount manured by his neighbor, and still has his wool and the

increase of his flock;—which latter items, however, we have agreed not to take into consideration. Let us simply consider the fact that the one enriches 52 acres, while the other does not enrich quite 24. The purchaser of commercial manures is sometimes imposed upon by dishonest dealers, but the owner of the sheep runs no such risk. We do not wish to discourage farmers from purchasing commercial manures, however; on the contrary, we cite Mr. Dickson's success with them as an inducement to use them; but we wish, also, to convince our friends that if a corn field is worth a fence, a flock of sheep is also worth a shepherd. Where farmers own too small a number to justify the employment of a shepherd, let them form a coöperation society, and put their sheep together, or better still, let them sell their sheep to those who have capital enough to take care of them. Although most farmers assign the ravages of the dogs, as the reason of their failure in sheep raising, yet, a few assert that even if this difficulty were removed, the deficiency of pasturage would be an insuperable objection, and that we cannot raise the large root crops upon which the flocks of England, France, and Germany are chiefly fed. This objection comes from farmers, who are not willing to purchase food. It is probably true that our climate and present system of labor will prevent the culture of roots as a field crop, but there is no such difficulty with clover. Any land which will produce 15 bushels of corn per acre, will, if deeply plowed, and well pulverized with a roller, bring fine and abundant crops of clover. Where sheep are pastured for any length of time, the grasses best suited to them, spring up naturally—it seems as if God's blessing followed the innocent creatures since Abel's day: and that they, above all other created animals, were formed for the special service of man. Abel, of course, did not use his flock for food, as animal food was not permitted at that time, but they, no doubt, abundantly repaid his care, in destroying the thistles and noxious weeds which sprang up in obedience to the curse, and in promoting the vigorous growth of the "trees for meat," which God had appointed for their sustenance.

"At an agricultural meeting in Boston, one of the speakers remarked, that on a tract of land which was overrun with wood box, briars and other shrubs, he turned one hundred and fifty sheep. At that time a cow could not have lived on the whole tract. The sheep were kept there several years, and so killed out the wild growth that the tract now affords good pasture for fifteen cows."

Sheep are Nature's landscape gardeners. They cut the grass, which grows green and tender under their enriching tread, with their small, clipping teeth, as short as the finest bladed English scythe would do;—and although they will nibble roses and shrubbery a little, they do them no material injury, unless forced to by starvation. Neither will they injure the bark of young fruit trees, un-

less other food is denied them; and it is asserted that canker worms are never found in orchards where sheep are folded. In the old world, "stock" and "high" farming are synonymous terms, and the stock consists principally of sheep. They are suited to the extreme of civilization, and to the simplicity of primitive habits.—They are found around the park gates of the European prince, and around the hut of the New Zealand emigrant;—on the torrid plains of Africa, and in the snow-bound valleys of Iceland. Wherever man finds a home, his faithful, woolly friend accommodates itself to his surroundings—furnishing food and clothing for himself and his little ones, and enriching his lands. We will close by a description of the general management of sheep farms on the Pampas of South America.

"The farmers usually divide their sheep into flocks of a thousand each. In a very few instances a flock is permitted to grow to the size of two or even three thousand, and is kept up to that number. But the prevailing rate of increase being about thirty-three and a third per cent., a flock of a thousand, having doubled itself in three years, is, at the end of that time, divided into two. In this way flocks continue to be multiplied until, in some cases, two hundred thousand sheep may be seen feeding on a single farm. If flocks are allowed to exceed a thousand or fifteen hundred each, the proportion of loss in lambs is largely increased. The annual loss in lambs has heretofore been from *ten to fifteen per cent.*

"There is no necessity of feeding, summer or winter. One man, assisted by a small boy, can do all the work essential to the care of a large flock. The ordinary conditions of agreement between proprietors and shepherds are few and simple. If the shepherd's compensation for his services is to be an interest in the flock, the customary stipulations are that he shall bear the expenses of superintending and shearing; shall take from his charge meat sufficient for himself and his family, and shall receive one-third of the yearly increase, both of lambs and wool. On the other hand, the proprietor furnishes pasture, pens for folding, and a dwelling house for the shepherd's family. The contract is generally made for three years. At the end of that time the shepherd has a fine flock of his own, and is able to commence business for himself—he is an independent *estanciero*, with a career open to a handsome fortune."

HELEN ASHLEY,

OR,

THE REFUGEE AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.

"While the perfumed lights
Stole thro' the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses."

[*Bulwer's 'Lady of Lyons.'*

It is night. The moon is shedding her soft radiance over one of the many fair and luxurious homes to be found on the sea-coast of South Carolina. Though as late in the season as October, the evening is very warm, for the charming Indian summer lingered on, as though loath to leave such fair scenes to the cold domain of winter. As yet, the Ice-king had sent no herald of his approach, and the noble mansion, the majestic oaks, the smooth green lawn, and the blue water of the river, all smiled calmly in the clear moonlight.

Mrs. Ashley, the mistress of this peaceful home, had been left a widow at the early age of twenty-one. At her husband's death, the care of a large property and two little children devolved upon her. With all her sweet and gentle manners, Mrs. Ashley possessed much strong good sense; which she now showed in the management of her property and children. The eldest, our sweet Helen, proved an easy charge; and even for Charlie, wild and head-strong as he was, Mrs. Ashley feared little, for, surely, with so warm and generous a heart, he could not go far astray.

Very fair and bright was Ashley Hall, on that soft October night. The stately mansion was brilliantly lighted, and the many forms, flitting joyously about, in the parlors, on the broad piazza, and even on the lawn, speak it a gala night. And well it may be, for on that day sweet Helen Ashley has completed her seventeenth year, and the proud and happy mother has invited her friends, for many miles around, to celebrate the commencement of her only daughter's young ladyhood.

In the luxurious drawing-room, the centre of a group of matrons, sits Mrs. Ashley. Reclining in a large arm chair, the crimson back of which sets off her stately form to the greatest advantage, she

does the honors of her elegant home, with the easy gracefulness of the high-born Southern lady. Her face is still beautiful, for she has seen scarce thirty-five summers, but her rich dark hair is almost hidden by the widow's cap, put on for her young husband fourteen years before, and worn ever since. She still wears her weeds, too, and would be greatly hurt were any one to hint at her making a change. At the moment we see her, she is speaking to a tall boy of fifteen, whom she calls, "my son." That is Charlie, with his large bright blue eyes and glossy curling hair; so like the handsome young father, he cannot even remember, sleeping under the dark cypress, in the quiet family burial-place, by the river. The boy's cheek is flushed with dancing, for, although so young, his early wit, saucy gaiety and beautiful dancing, make him the chosen partner of many a fair belle several years his senior.

But where is Helen, the gentle queen of these gay revels? Not in the dancing room, not in the parlor, not even in the lawn.—She has not been seen for the last half hour, and more than one comment has been made on her absence. But Charlie says, in reply to his partner, pretty Minnie Claire's exclamation of "Where can Helen be," "Oh, I suppose she is somewhere with Allan St. John. I see he has disappeared too."

"Now, Charlie, do you know that is a match I cannot understand? I wonder Helen fancies him, he seems so cold and proud, while she is so merry and warm-hearted."

"But Allan is not cold," returned Charlie eagerly; "and as for being proud, why I like that. Has not a Southern gentleman a right to be proud? I tell you what, Miss Minnie, I, for one, am as proud as Lucifer."

"Oh, Charlie," laughs Minnie, "I did not think you would allow such a thing. You men are getting so bold in your wickedness. I don't know where it will stop."

Charlie colors high at her laughing words, but answered merrily.

"I know I'm not a man yet, Miss Minnie, and that's well for you. If you find me so irresistible at fifteen, what *would* be the state of your heart if I was twenty-five? But this is a charming waltz. Will you dance?"

"Well, as you just said I found you irresistible, I suppose I must;" and turning from the cool piazza, they again sought the dancing room.

While we leave them to enjoy the waltz, let us ascertain if Charlie is right in his suggestion that "Helen is somewhere with Allan St. John."

On one side of the lawn, sloping down to the river, lay a beautiful flower-garden; on the other, a thick grove of orange trees, planted in regular rows, three abreast, with gravel walks between. They were a magnificent sight, particularly at this season, with their golden fruit gleaming in the moonlight, among the rich, dark leaves.

There indeed we find Helen, and with her, St. John. They are

standing still, and by the light of the friendly moon, we can see them distinctly. How very lovely Helen is, in her snowy dress, with necklace and bracelets of pearl. Her rich brown hair is drawn simply back from her temples, and fastened behind in a large knot, very low on her neck, its only ornament a white rose with its dark green leaves. Her liquid brown eyes are veiled by their long lashes, as though afraid to meet her companion's earnest gaze.

And most worthy was St. John to be the lover of that gentle girl. Tall, and strikingly handsome, with a grave, earnest face, now lit up with passionate love, he stands beside her. One arm is around her waist, her hand is clasped in his, and as we draw near, his low, musical voice is whispering,

"In two years, my darling, your mother says you shall be mine. It seems a long time to wait, but I fear not, for I know and feel that your love will never change."

And her sweet voice answered:

"Change! Oh, Allan, I could not live without your love!"

And here let us leave them, happy in their love and trust.—Leave them in their bright, sunny home, their young hearts filled with hope, and apparently no cloud in their fair sky. No cloud, did I say? Alas, the little cloud, "no larger than a man's hand," is rising, and soon, soon will it burst over that devoted land.

It was early in October of '60. To Southern ears I need not repeat the dreadful tale of all that the next short year brought forth. The proud heroic patriotism, the noble self-devotion, the dauntless courage; and oh! the bitter tears, the costly life-blood that bought our victories; the deserted homes, the woe and desolation, are engraven on the heart of every liberty-loving Southerner.

CHAPTER II.

"Come let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she died so young!"

[*Edgar A. Poe's* "*Lenore.*"

The two years which Mrs. Ashley had stipulated should pass before the marriage of her daughter, are over. The day, to which Helen and St. John had looked forward so eagerly and confidently, had at length arrived.

Let us hasten to beautiful Ashley Hall, to witness the gay revels there. As we near the place, we do indeed hear sounds of merriment, but can those loud voices, and that coarse laughter proceed from the polished and high-born guests, who were wont to grace the noble old mansion. We pass through the broad oak avenue and observe with wonder how

neglected is its appearance. By a sudden turn we come in front of the house. Without pausing to notice that the lawn is overgrown with weeds, the beautiful flower-garden a ruin, and even many of the orange trees cut down, our gaze is riveted on the house itself. On the piazza, in the parlor, lounging in the luxurious chairs and on the sofas, are scattered groups of dirty, half-dressed negroes. One of them is even striking on the piano, while others dance to the uncouth sounds. Can this be the home of the Ashleys'? Alas, it is now in the hands of our cruel and vindictive foes, who have abandoned it to the negroes.

We turn with horror from so revolting a scene to seek the noble family, now driven into exile and poverty.

Far away, in one of the upper districts of South Carolina, there is a small and sparsely furnished cottage. In one of the rooms, on a low couch drawn near the window, lies a young girl. In that worn and pallid face, we can scarcely recognize the once blooming Helen. The rounded, graceful form is wasted to a shadow, and the wistful, brown eyes retain nothing of by-gone-days, save their gentle, loving softness.—Their brightness has been dimmed by bitter tears, and sorrow and suffering have almost entirely quenched the hope that,once shone so purely in their liquid depths. The beautiful hair is still drawn back as of yore, and you may plainly trace the blue veins in the fair temples. Beside her sits her mother. In spite of the close cap, you see that sorrow has thickly streaked her hair with grey. The stately form is bowed and the face is worn and weary.

And why is St. John absent from his promised bride, now that she is ill, in poverty and exile? Alas! he has fallen, one of the many victims on the altar of freedom. He rests where he fell, on the bloody field of the second Manassas. A simple cross marks the place of his grave, raised by his comrades, that he may, at some future day, be moved to his island home. On the cross his name is cut.

"Private Allan St. John, Palmetto Guards, 2d Regiment S. C. V."

Yes, with all his talent, wealth and aristocratic birth, St. John died a private. Possessed of neither a military education, nor peculiar military skill, he sought no office, but was content to die with no higher title than that of being a gentleman private; yet, methinks, no purer, nobler name can be borne in such a struggle for liberty. For his country, and for her alone, he fought; and no thought of self mingled its alloy with the pure gold of his patriotism.

A few short months after the date of our last chapter, when South Carolina called upon her sons to rally around the walls of Sumter, St. John hastened to join the patriot band under the command of the gallant and lamented Captain Cuthbert. As a member of the Palmetto Guards, he fought until death laid him low. A few weeks after his fall, his place in the company was supplied by

Charlie, then scarcely seventeen. The boy had long been anxious to join the army, but, on account of his youth, his mother had hitherto refused her consent. Now, however, when he heard of the death of his friend, his almost brother, and saw his sister's anguish, he passionately implored his mother to hold him back no longer. And she, seeing it was best, yielded up her treasure to her country's service. He had not been in Virginia more than six weeks, when he was summoned home to his sister's death-bed. That evening was the earliest time, possible, on which he could arrive, and mother and sister were both anxiously watching for him. They had been silent for the last hour, when Helen spoke.

"Mother, if Charlie does not come to-day, I shall never see him again; for I feel that I shall not live until to-morrow. To-day was to have been our wedding day, you know; and I feel it shall be yet. But, oh, mother, we never thought it would be in Heaven."

She paused, then softly repeated,

"Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the Great White Throne;
Nearer the jasper sea.
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving my cross;
Nearer wearing my crown."

"Mother, do you remember how we used to sing that at home? It was Allan's favorite. I recollect his telling me once that Heaven never seemed so near to him, as when he sang that. Now, I am going to my Father's home, and oh, how I thank him that Allan will be there to meet me. Do you know, mother, on the night that I was seventeen, I told him in the dear old orange grove, that I could not live without his love; and you see I was right.—My Father saw I was a poor, weak creature without my Allan, and so He is taking me to him. Do not cry so, darling mother. Have you not taught me that 'to live is Christ, but to die is gain?'"

"My child! my child! How can I give you up? You, who have been my comfort, through so much of sorrow and affliction. Help me, oh God, to say 'Thy will, not mine, be done!'"

"But, mother, you will have Charlie here, and two children in Heaven, with father. Surely you, who have always lived so near to God, will not find it hard to think your treasures are with Him.—Oh, mother, dear mother, let me go home!"

Her voice ceased, and drawing her mother down to her, she strove to kiss away the blinding tears. So absorbed were they, that the opening of the door disturbed them not, and Charlie stood some seconds in the room, before they were aware of his presence. In an instant, however, he was clasped in his mother's arms, and she was kissing him with all the passionate fervor of a mother's love for an only son.—When she released him, he turned to his sister, but, shocked at the change a few weeks had wrought, he could only throw himself down beside her in an agony of uncontrollable sobbing.

She held him closely, kissing again and again the cheek al-

ready embrowned by his few weeks' exposure to the hardships of a soldier's life. At length, his mother, fearing the excitement would prove too much for Helen, drew him away till he could regain composure.

The sun was slowly setting.—Still on the couch by the window lay the dying girl. But now she was supported in her brother's arms, and her pale cheek rested on his grey jacket. Softly she spoke:

"Mother, Charlie, will you sing, 'There is rest for the weary?'"

They complied: and sadly the strains of that sweet hymn sounded in the chamber of death.—When it ceased, she said,

"Thank you, oh thank you. How sweet it it to know that

'Pain nor sickness there shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share.'

"And, mother, you and Charlie will join us there, 'in the Christian's home of glory;' will you not? But, oh, it is so hard to say goodbye, even though I know it is only for a little while. I wish I could have seen our dear, dear country, our beautiful sunny South, free once more; but God knows best. One more kiss, mother, dearest; and now you, Charlie, my own kind brother, my darling soldier boy. Mother, Charlie, if it is ever in your power, let Allan and me rest together in the old grave-yard at Ashley Hall, beside dear father."

She paused a moment, then added,

"I feel weary, but Charlie holds me so nicely, and I like to think the grey jacket in which Allan died, and which you wear, my darling, is to be my last pillow. Mother, will you and Charlie sing once more for me, 'Nearer my Father's house?' I feel very, very near now."

The weeping mother calmed herself and commenced; and ere long Charlie's voice joined hers. When the hymn was ended, Helen still lay with her eyes closed and a peaceful smile on her lips; but there was a change, which made her mother start and bend more closely over her. Raising her head, she whispered softly,

"She is with Allan, Charlie.—Our darling is in her Father's home of rest."

Another year has passed and the little cottage is empty. Beside Helen's grave is another, for Mrs. Ashley is with her daughter. And Charlie? On the blood-stained field of Chancellorsville, where the captain fell, he so passionately loved and admired, another martyr in our sacred cause, the boy soldier yielded up his young life. The shock proved too much for the fading strength of Mrs. Ashley, and, one short week afterwards, she joined her husband and children in the land where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

THE HAVERSACK.

THE Provost Marshals of "the best government the world ever saw" had a jolly time of it, during the struggle for emancipating "the man and brother." Loyalty was a good paying virtue in that charming period, and no one knew better how to make it pay than a certain German Provost Marshal in Baltimore, whose love for the old flag intensified every day, as his pocket-book swelled larger and heavier.

A friend gives the following scene in the Provost Marshal's office of the truly loyal Maj. B.

A neat, well dressed recruit has just been brought in, and the truly loyal official sees a fine opportunity for patriotism and green-backs.

SCENE 1ST.

Maj. B. Vat's your name?

Recruit. John Jones.

Maj. B. Vell, John Jones, has you got von vatch?

Recruit. (Pulling out his watch.) Yes, I have a splendid one.

Maj. B. (Affecting surprise.) Vell! vell! Py tam. John Jones has von vatch in his pocket! von vatch in his pocket! Vy, John Jones, py tam, you know having vatches is giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Vy, John Jones, py tam, you know te rules and te regulations of te army say dat no soldier shall have te vatch.

John Jones. (With astonishment.) How does carrying watches give aid and comfort to the enemy?

Maj. B. Vell, looks here, tere is one million of soldiers in te grand army. Suppose all te soldiers has te vatch, and suppose tere be's von big battle and te rebel vips our man and take ten tousand prisoners, ten he get ten tousand vatch, and he send te vatch to Nassau and he puy te powder, and te gun and te cannon. Vy certainly, John Jones, vearing te vatch is giving aid and comfort to te tam rebel. Here, Clerk, take John Jones' vatch and give him five tollar in green-back for him.

John Jones. (Angrily.) I gave a hundred dollars in gold for my watch. I won't give it up.

Maj. B. You von't give up your vatch! John Jones, py tam, you von't obey te rules and regulations of the army. Sergeant of te guard! take John Jones to te guard house, gives him pread and vater five tays, and pring me his vatch.

(Exit Sergeant with prisoner and return again with watch.)

SCENE 2ND.

(Enter Sergeant with a dirty, ragged, seedy recruit.)

Maj. B. Vat's your name?

Recruit. Bill Smith.

Maj. B. Vell, Pill Smit, has you got von vatch?

Bill Smith. (Pointing to his rags.) I am a pretty looking fellow to carry a watch, ain't I?

Major B. (with great surprise.) Vat, Pill Smit, you a soldier of te grand army of te best govern-

ment in te vorld, and not have a vatch! Py tams to hell! Pill Smit, you disgrace te old flag! How you specks to be te sentinel on te Potomac mit no vatch in te pocket? How you know ven te relief come? Te rules and te regulations of te army say all soldier must have te vatch, and all Provost Marshal must keep tem and give to te soldier vat don't have em.

Here, Clerk, give Pill Smit a vatch, and take fifty tollar out of his pounty money.

Bill Smith. (Angrily.) I don't want a watch, never had one in my life. You shan't have my bounty money.

Major B. Ha! ha! Pill Smit, you like te tam rebel, you von't obey te law? Vat says te rules and regulations of te army?—Every soldier shall have te vatch to support te dignity of te government. Sergeant, take Pill Smit to te guard house, gives him pread and vater till he buys te vatch.

(It is almost needless to say that in a few days, Bill Smith sees the necessity of supporting the best government the world ever saw.) R. Q. T.

Our friend T. omits the best part of this anecdote. He was telling the story, one day, in a crowded saloon, 'mid the hearty laughter and cheers of all present, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and looking around, he saw the veritable Maj. B. himself.

"Ah," said he, "T. you tells a story tam vell. I vants you in our Club. I sends in your name. I asks tem to vote for you. Come, let's take von drink."

A friend gives us an anecdote of another Baltimore worthy, one truly loyal S.

The first invasion of Maryland created quite a stampede here.—The hero of Vienna blockaded the streets with tobacco hogsheads. The city bells were rung one night, and there was hurrying to and fro of brave men, the wild tramping of furious horses, the rolling of hogsheads on the streets, the shouts of drivers and the braying of donkeys. Altogether there was a scene of disorder and confusion in the streets, scarcely inferior to that in the brain of our frightened commander. The din and uproar reached the ears of the loyal S. on the outskirts of the city, who was remarkable for the hatred and bitterness with which he always spoke of "that rascal Lee and his ragamuffins." He came to his door in rather an unpresentable night dress and inquired of a passer-by what was the matter.

Stranger. Nothing much, only Gen. Lee's army is in the city, and they are ringing the bells for joy.

S. (Shivering and stuttering with fear.) Gen-gen-er-er-al Lee in the cit-cit-y?

Stranger. That's all.

S. Will you-you-see Gen-er-al Lee?

Stranger. Yes, I expect to call upon him.

S. (Recovering himself.) Well, my good friend, tell the General to send to my house for anything he wants. It will give me great pleasure to aid him and his gallant soldiers. I always did like the General!

The suppleness of the loyal S. would qualify him to be an admirable Fetich Governor, in any one of the "States lately in rebellion."

Maj. G., of Staunton, Virginia, gives an anecdote to show the appreciation of the Christian character of General Jackson by the soldiers of the A. N. V.

The Major attempted to cross a bridge near Gettysburg at which there was an infantry guard.—He was stopped and told that he could not cross the bridge without a pass. Gen. Jackson had then been dead some months, but the Major, without thinking of it, drew out a general pass which had been signed by him, a year before his death. The soldier on post examined the pass attentively, and then returning it to Major G. said:

"You can't cross this bridge; the name on that paper is good to pass you into Heaven, but not over this bridge."

An old reb at Adairsville, Ga., who lost a foot in the war and had its place supplied by a very bungling workman, calls our attention to a grievous mistake of Shakspeare. The illustrious poet says that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them as we will." Old reb thinks that the "hewing" of the new foot was "rough" enough, but he is not able to discover any "divinity" about the rough carpenter, who did it!

The next three anecdotes have been sent to us from Mobile, Ala., by D. W. L., late of the 3rd Alabama, a regiment that fought with a gallantry on *every* field, which was excelled by no other regiment in the service:

During the occupation of Tupelo, Mississippi, by the Confederate troops, under Price, after Bragg had gone on his famous raid into Kentucky, a favorite officer of "Old Pap" was taken very ill, and his death pronounced inevitable by the attending surgeons. While the sufferings of the gallant captain were at their height, General Price called upon him to condole with him, and comfort him in his last moments.

General Price. Can I do any thing for you, my dear friend?

Captain. (Faintly.) Nothing.

General Price. Have you any messages for friends?

Captain. None, all my effects are disposed of, and all my relations and dependents provided for.

General Price. Can I not, in some way, add to your personal comfort?

Captain. Do you think I'll die?

General Price. The physicians pronounce your case hopeless. What relief can I afford you in this critical period?

Captain. (Very faintly.) Have me sent to Meridian. I think that I can leave this world with less regret from that point than from any other in the Universe!

There were among the last called out regiments for the field, an undue proportion of officers, who, not endowed by nature with the brightest intellects, had attained

to manhood without having passed through a very rigid system of birch discipline, and in consequence of that neglect, were very partially educated, and in some cases could not distinguish between a muster roll and a sermon. They were, nevertheless, "clever fellows," as the term is generally used, not deficient in courage and popular qualities. In fact, they generally owed their elevation more to this turn for popularity than to any other cause. Of this class was Lieutenant G. of the — Alabama regiment, though it must be confessed that he could "read writin'". Soon after his regiment had been mustered into service, and were in camp, waiting orders, schools of instruction were opened in each company. Hardee's Tactics became the order of the day, and no one was more diligent in his studies than Lieut. G. Finally, the day of examination came, and the captain of his company began the examination of his hopeful lieutenant. After taking him through the "school of the soldier," and "the school of the company," which the lieutenant understood pretty well, *under the circumstances*, the captain went into the more complicated "school of the battalion." In this branch of tactics, the lieutenant was completely at sea—could make no head-way at all. The instructor finding his patience fast ebbing away under the stupidity of the pupil, marked on a piece of paper, the position of "company A" in the regimental line, and the posts of the several file-closers, designating them by name, as Lieutenant G., Sergeant B., Corporal C., &c., &c.

Then supposing a case in which a certain movement would be required, the captain asked "what would Sergeant B. do now?" The lieutenant had been completely bewildered by the diagram and the contemplated movement, but brightening up at the question, he replied, "Why Sergeant B. would do his whole duty, for he is every inch a soldier and a gentleman!"

Lieut. G. was recommended to resume the study of Hardee's Tactics.

Editorially, we would remark upon this anecdote, that though the Fetich legislators are as much bewildered in the mazes of legislation as was the poor lieutenant in the intricacies of tactics, yet we cannot recommend them to *resume* the study of honor, honesty and decency, for all that has been a sealed volume to them.

Everybody who took a hand in the affair (or rather a *foot* in it we should say) remembers Gen. Bragg's campaign into Kentucky. It was fraught with many hardships and privations, and, at the time, regarded an immense affair, "a big thing." On arriving at Bardstown, Col. B., of an Alabama regiment, was seated around the mess table, and each member thereof related some incident of the march coming under his personal observation. With the exception of Lieut. Bart. O. it so happened that every member of the mess was a mounted officer, while "Bart" had tramped the whole distance on foot. When a lull occurred in the conversation, the Colonel remarked,

"Well, boys, I am glad it is over, I'm glad that we have a chance at last to rest, but with what enthusiasm will we, in years to come, tell these stories over to our children, and how proud will we all be to tell of our trials, privations and hardships on this memorable march into Kentucky."

"Yes," says Bart, who had been a quiet listener to the Colonel's pretty speech, "You'll all tell of it and be mighty proud of it, but not a durned one of you will recollect to tell that you walked all the way on horseback!"

Miss M. L. M. sends from Lake Village, Arkansas, the next four anecdotes:

Soon after the Conscript Law was passed by the Confederate Congress, Captain Slack was appointed enrolling officer for the Parish of Claiborne, with orders to have its provisions duly executed. His manner of execution was the reverse of that suggested by his name, and created quite a lively sensation among the "bomb-proofs," who, finding the pointed arguments of his muskets irresistible, moved rapidly, and in a right line towards the front. Not long after his arrival, my sister had occasion to visit an old lady, whose son was notoriously of the peace persuasion. She soon missed his familiar presence, and the following conversation occurred:

"Mrs. —— where is John?"

"Gone to fight for his country, child."

"Indeed! I thought he was one of the exempts."

"Lor, honey! Cappin Slack don't know no exempts. The other day I see his men a galloping down the road, I hollered to John they war comin' and told him the chimbly was a good place. 'Twarnt no use, though, they found him quicker than a cat does a mouse."

"Well, Mrs. ——, what did John do?"

"Do! Why he come down and *'listed like a man.*"

[We hope that John will give us the history of his "Lost Cause."]

During the time that Allen occupied the Gubernatorial Chair of the State of Louisiana, he issued an order requiring all men, young and old, to organize into companies of minute men, whose duty it was to drill and be ready to assist the regular Confederate forces in case of State invasion. On one occasion the minute men, of Bienville Parish, had been ordered out to serve a mock campaign of a week's duration. As they came "marching home again with gay and gallant tread," the whole command was halted in front of a log cabin to permit an old man to go out of the ranks. Forthwith there issued from its doorway, a numerous progeny of Confederate tow-heads, joyfully crying:

"Yonder's daddy! yonder's daddy!" "Hush! hush! children," said the fond father, softly, waving them back with his hand! "I want to see if the old woman will know me with my soldier clothes on."

After the failure of the first gun-boat expedition against Vicksburg, and the subsequent departure of the fleet for the "Land of Egypt," it was deemed advisable by the War Department to take advantage of the lull in hostilities and send over to the troops of the Trans-Mississippi department a portion of the arms so gallantly won by their brothers in arms on the glorious battle-fields of the "Old Dominion." The 31st La. regiment, then newly organized, was ordered to Milliken's Bend to receive and guard the military supplies, as they should be forwarded. Sick, poorly clad, and badly armed, they were no match for the two thousand Yankees, backed by the whole gun-boat fleet, that swooped down upon them without warning, in the wee small hours of a midsummer night. A retreat took place only surpassed in celerity by that of the Federals at Bull Run, and other *runs* where they bore off the palm for speed. The route of retreat (for as many as followed the route) passed by my mother's house, and in spite of our alarm and sympathy, it was impossible to resist a smile at the ridiculous flight of the discomfited "Rebs." One handsome lieutenant, making a graceful bow in acknowledgment for the refreshments provided, bade us not be alarmed, and while promising to return and defend us, made rapid strides towards the back gate. A lady who was present called out that she hoped, when we next heard from him, he would be occupying a less equivocal position *with his back to the field and his feet to the foe!*

While the pursuit was still hot, a Federal officer of artillery dashed up to a neighbor's house and demanded the surrender of concealed Confederates. The lady of the house came to the door, and told him there were no soldiers on her premises. He ordered a search, and while it was being executed, he launched into an insolent diatribe against our boasted Southern chivalry, taunting her until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. She bade him respect her sex, and said, "Those flying grey coats will yet teach you the useful lesson." A prophecy that was literally fulfilled a few months later at the engagement of Chickasaw Bayou, where the gallant 31st Louisiana met the same Federal troops face to face, and won a glorious victory, blotting out forever the opprobrious epithet gained in their former encounter of the "31st fast foot."

The same day a soldier fresh from "der Fader Land," and a member of an Illinois regiment, while lounging on the banquette in front of Mrs. R's. house, was assaulted by a belligerent calf.—Turning around to defend himself, and looking askant at Bully, he exclaimed: "Hein! you Secesh too?" and rapidly decamped from a neighborhood, where opposition to Yankee invasion was so strikingly developed.

From Laurens C. H., S. C., we get an incident of gallantry in a private soldier. Such incidents should be preserved, and we are always glad to record them:

On the morning of the 18th of September, 1863, Kershaw's S. C.

brigade was ordered to charge a breastwork of the enemy at the Armstrong House, in front of Knoxville, Tennessee. Colonel Nance's 3rd S. C. regiment was in the centre, and had to pass over about five hundred yards of open plain, under a heavy infantry fire. The works were charged and carried. During the charge the fire was deemed too hot for the "litter corps" to keep up with the line, and private James Dorroh, (Co. G.,) of the litter corps, seeing a man wounded in the leg, and unable to get away, rushed forward, and picking him up in his arms brought him off the field. Later, this gallant soldier was killed in one of the battles around Petersburg, Va.

From Liberty, Texas, we get a letter from two old rebs, who sign themselves "unreconstructed."

We send you a few odd bits from our haversack to replenish yours. If you like the offering and your "war-bag" is low, we we will send you more; first assuring you that they are true.—One of us went out in May, '61, with the gallant 15th Mississippi, the other in '62, with the 29th Mississippi, two years of his military life, he spent in that charming abode, Rock Island, Illinois. There are but few remnants left of our once proud and glorious regiments, and the war-bronzed veterans find it harder to "live for Dixie" than to "die for Dixie."

The prisoners at Rock Island, Illinois, in '64, whiled away many weary hours in drawing, their imaginations, aided not a little by the rumors which reached them, of the movements of Lee and Grant. One daring artist drew a picture of Grant skedaddling with the seeming velocity of Pope, followed by one poor, frightened looking Yank, while Gen. Lee, alone with a "forty pounder," was bushwhacking them from behind trees. The sketch was tacked up on a tree in a conspicuous place. One evening, two Federal officers were walking around the enclosure, and paused to comment upon this evidence of rebel impudence and skill;—a ragged prisoner, (name unknown,) who had been caught, a few days before, in the act of escaping from that *pleasant* (?) abode, bearing his cross—a ball and chain attached to his leg—stood in rather close proximity to the connoisseurs, one of whom turned round and asked roughly,

"What do you want here?"

The reb's eyes twinkled, but he answered demurely enough—

"*I came to bring Gen. Lee some ammunition, sir.*"

Three members of company D, 1st Mississippi cavalry, E. G ——, Mc. K —— and E. J —— went out "hawking," while in Georgia, in 1864; but as the sequel will show, it proved to be "hogging" instead of "hawking." They stopped hard-by a comfortable farm house, and not wishing to disturb the inmates (so considerate were they,) kept as quiet as possible. A gun went off and the nicest hog in the lot breathed his last. Silence was on the lips, but grief was in the hearts of the gallant cavaliers, lest the nerves of the ladies should be disturbed.

E. G., on guard in advance of the rest, saw an old woman coming towards him, not exactly in the majestic style of Milton's Eve. There was more haste than "grace in her movements," and if there was "Heaven in her eye," it was the kind of Heaven to which old Thad. and the loyal Governors of Dixie will go with free tickets. E. G. hurried forward to meet the old lady before she would reach the gap in the lot, through which his comrades had to escape with the unfortunate victim of the fatal shot.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said E. G., in his blandest tones, 'nobody is hurt.'"

Old Woman. Nobody hurt? ain't there a hog killed?

E. G. Only a ha-r-k.

Old Woman. A hawk! you lying rascal, it is a hog.

Again, E. G's. lips attempted to get out the word hawk, but again he only stammered ha-r-k, chicken har-k, madam; but at length recovered sufficiently to explain "it's only a chicken hawk the boys have been shooting." The explanation came too late, and the enraged dame rushed to the gap. The boys were brave (they belonged to the cavalry,) but they were glad to drop their hawk to escape that terrible tongue.

E. G., poor fellow, had to bear the whole brunt of the fire from the feminine battery, and the no less unpleasant allusions so often afterwards made to "har-k, har-k."

G. P. M.

Four or five members of company H., 5th Mississippi, while lying in the trenches around Atlanta, in 1864, had a brief respite one day from the annoying shot and shell. We had got a large lot of biscuit, and expected to have a fine time of it, in enjoying the unusual banquet. But "human hopes oft deceive us." While we were sitting a la Turk, on a blanket, pitching into the biscuit, and old Tommie R—— a long, lean specimen of rebeldom was stretching out his bony arm for the biggest one in the pile, a minnie took off a piece of his head as big as a five dollar Confed. note, and pitched him over upon our stock of biscuits. Geo. H—— jerked at him, and cried out, "damn it, boys, don't let the old man bleed on the biscuits!"

F. J. M.

In the good old days before the Abolition war, "pot liquor" was quite an institution upon Southern plantations, for fattening and developing young negroes. It was the liquor or water, in which cabbage, beans, &c., had been boiled with bacon, and when mixed with corn bread or mush, it made a very healthful diet, of which the little darkeys were inordinately fond.

J. T. M., of the 6th Mississippi, rode up to a house, in Georgia, one very cold, rainy day, in the hope of getting something warmer than water. The halloo of M—— was answered by the coming to the door of a good dame of the cracker school of society.

M——. Madam, I am almost frozen. Is there any spirits in your house?

Old Lady. No, indeed! our

house is jist as free of ghosts as any in this country. I never seed but one sperrit in my life, and that was long before me and the old man up and got married.

M——. Madam, you mistake me. I meant to ask if you had any liquor in the house.

Old Lady. I'd like to know how you'd raise little niggers without liquor. I has a pot full allers on hand. Wait a bit and I'll get you a ladle full, thouten that dratted hound has drunk up all on it. I se'ed him gwine out a lickin' his chops a minute ago. Wait a bit and I'll see.

M——. Thank you, ma'am, I am in a hurry. F. J. M.

R. H. D. sends the following anecdote from St. Louis, Mo.

In December, 1861, when a part of the army of the Potomac was in quarters at and around Dumfries, Dr. Estill and myself, Surgeons of the "old 3rd brigade," were requested by Capt. Imboden to visit his battery for the purpose of examining a young man, who had been convicted of desertion on the battle-field of Manassas.—The youth, as stated, belonged to a highly respectable family, was well educated, and had borne a fair character for bravery and general good conduct. When we arrived at the camp, the Captain remarked that the penalty of being shot as a deserter would have to be summarily executed, unless some very good reason could be shown for his reprieve; and we were conducted immediately to a tent, in which he was confined. The boy's appearance was that of a healthy, fine looking youth, about 19 years old, writhing under the pain of disgrace, and greatly depressed by the near approach of his awful doom. We entered into conversation with him, and found him to be very intelligent, and perfectly free in the confession of his guilt. On being asked the reason of his desertion at so critical a time, he remarked that, while the battle was going on, he was suddenly seized with such trepidation and *blindness* that he fell unconsciously on the ground, where he remained till his comrades had passed on.—Finding himself alone, and being still so frightened, that his heart was painful and seemed ready to burst, he made his escape from the battle-field, as best he could. In reply to our questions, he stated that his heart had never failed him before that time, but that it had given him much trouble since. We bared his chest, and on a careful examination, found his heart most palpably laboring under organic disease, sufficient to incapacitate any man to withstand the shock of battle.

As we passed out through the door of the tent, we observed, sitting on a camp stool near the captain, a well dressed, delicate lady in black, weeping, with her head leaning forward, and her face covered by a large veil, exhibiting all the signs of intense grief. I knew at once who she was; and I hastened to say to the captain,

"This man is laboring under organic disease of the heart, and it is well known and admitted that no man in that condition can stand the shock of a battle."

The captain paused a moment and said, "If that is your opinion, gentlemen, his life is spared."

Instantly, the lady sprang to her feet, shrieked, and cried out, "God bless you, sir, forever!—You have saved my darling, my *only* child!"

A gallant and esteemed colonel of the late so-called sends from Warrenton, N. C., a noble incident of unselfishness:

Among various attempts to escape the blandishments of that "delightful summer resort," Johnson's Island, a party of some twelve or fifteen dug down through the floor of one of the rooms, and after reaching a depth of ten feet, struck off at right angles, until they had bored beyond the fence, and then worked up until they had reached the surface. It was the labor of a month or more. On the day of the night selected to carry into execution their design, a heavy rain fell and almost filled the horizontal tunnel. Upon trial, however, it was proved that they could manage to keep their noses above water, and they accordingly commenced their exit. After three or four had gotten out, it came to the turn of a Captain Cole, of Arkansas, (I regret that his given name has escaped me,) a tall, athletic man, who proved too tight a fit for the hole, or rather the hole for him. He, however, succeeded, by Herculean efforts, in wedging his head through the outer opening, when he stuck fast, unable to get forward or turn back. In this condition, drenched to the skin, he remained, on a cold, chilly night, from 10 P. M. until reveillé the next morning, when he called to the guard to come and dig him out. On being asked by the commandant of the post, why he had not sooner given the alarm, and had himself extricated, he replied that he considered it dishonorable to betray those who had gone before in order to save himself. It should have been stated, likewise, that when released from his uncomfortable situation, he was barely able to stand and could not use his legs for sometime thereafter.

W. J. W.

Greeley tells of a grim joke practiced by the truly loyal upon the negroes, whom they love so dearly. It seems that the immaculate Stanton, the honest Freedmen's Bureau and others of the moral-idea party, have robbed the negro-soldiers of a million and a half dollars of the bounty money belonging to them!

If the statement came from any other source, than honest Horace himself, it would be pronounced a "Copperhead lie."

It is no longer doubted that enormous frauds have been perpetrated in the Second Auditor's office, in the payment of bounties to colored troops, and there is every reason to believe that the government has been swindled to the extent of $1,500,000. It appears that certain clerks in the Second Auditor's office in the Bureau of Colored Troops, and in the Freedmen's Bureau, entered into a conspiracy, and that papers for whole regiments have been forged, presented, and paid.

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

The colored troops fought nobly and the Rads stole characteristically!

The "little joke" upon the negro deserves to be embalmed in the Haversack.

EDITORIAL.

THE delicate attention shown to the negroes during the recent election, in Arkansas, is in very pleasing contrast with the boorish want of consideration for their convenience and comfort, in the other nine States, "lately in rebellion." The mandate went out from the Head Centre of all the Loyal Leagues, that each negro should be required to vote three times throughout all that region, once known as the Southern States. The loyal whites in Arkansas, (lately nullifiers, negro-traders and Yankee haters,) made a noble provision for the accommodation of their colored brethren, in the shape of a perambulating ballot-box, which traveled from precinct to precinct, gathering in the colored votes from the corn-fields, the hedges, and the high-ways, and returning often enough to allow each "man and brother" to deposit his three votes without loss of time, without bodily fatigue and unnecessary waste of loyal green-backs. This was "neat and appropriate," but what a rebuke it is to the loyal men in the other districts! Why did'nt Joseph E. see that the thing was done equally *brown* in Georgia? Why was the worshipper of Mr. Calhoun so neglectful of the interests and the feelings of his black allies in North Carolina? Why were the other leaders of "the party of great moral ideas" in Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, and Louisiana so indifferent to the well-being of their friends? In "the name of justice, liberty, and humanity," (See telegram on Mr. Johnson's impeachment,) we protest against this heartless negligence. In the delinquent States, the poor negroes could only give their three votes by marching on from county to county, like John Brown's soul. They lost time and money by this management, and in addition, had much personal annoyance and inconvenience. These things ought not so to have been. Let there be an improvement in the Fall elections. Let not the other nine States be behind Arkansas in courtesy and kindness to that race, which fought so nobly to save the life of the nation.

But as we have been pardoned by the President's Proclamation of general amnesty, and are "just as good as new," it may not be presumptuous in us to give a suggestion to the truly loyal leaders in the five Districts. We think that the Arkansas scheme can be improved upon, and that the negroes can be spared even the trouble of going from the field to

the ballot-box by the road-side. Let a careful estimate be made of the majorities required at each election precinct, and let the loyal managers of the polls be instructed to report these majorities, and thus save the negroes the trouble of voting at all. This simple expedient would have saved Alabama and Mississippi to the glorious Republican cause. It is true, Alabama has been redeemed, but redeemed in such a way as has reflected seriously on the honesty of the men, who so freely gave up Irish and German lives to "revenge the insult to the old flag of the nation." Mississippi is, perhaps, lost forever, when our artless plan would have saved it. It was Solomon himself who said, "great men are not always wise," but it is seldom, indeed, that we have to record so remarkable an instance of want of tact, management and cunning in great rulers, who are untrammeled by the usual restraints of honor and honesty.

The Boston gentleman, who, some months ago, gave us the interesting incident of the battle of Winchester, writes to us under recent date that if Sumner, Phillips & Co., had been hung as high as Haman, years ago, it would have been better for the whole country. As Boston is a super-loyal city at this moment, and we belong to a State lately in rebellion, it may be disloyal in us to dissent from this frank opinion of the Boston gentleman.

Some of the loyal Governors are quite exultant over their success in manipulating the negro vote. His Excellency, Governor Brownlow, has recently announced his intention to see to it that the rebels have town lots in hell. It has long been suspected that His Excellency was a Director in that underground Institution, but not until lately has he given official notification of the same, over his own signature. His Excellency, Gov. Holden, has declared his willingness to give free passes to hell or to Connecticut, to all North Carolinians, who are dissatisfied with the present order of things. The association of ideas is very suggestive, but is scarcely loyal. It looks like one of the Governor's old outbursts of hatred against Yankeedom. We hope that His Excellency will sign the free passes with the pen he used in signing the Ordinance of Secession, and which he promised to preserve in his family forever. It would console the poor exiles, too, to have a copy of his beautiful poem on Mr. Calhoun. Could he not have it set to music, so that they might console themselves with the song as they sit down by the rivers of Babylon?

We ventured to hint some months ago that the time would come, when the Republican party would become distrustful of their Southern allies. It *does* look queer that men can be true to that party, who have despised all the obligations imposed by birth and education, and who have stultified all their previous history. It is not unreasonable for the Republicans to have some misgivings as to the future fidelity of these men.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* gives out gloomily, its apprehensions of the steadfastness and reliability of Southern loyalists.

"We are soon to have the Southern States readmitted under the present reconstruction—Virginia, Texas (and probably Mississippi) alone excepted. The Republican party has hitherto calculated upon great political gain from this admission. The leaders are now far less confident. It must be confessed that neither the fruits of reconstruction, nor the promises from the other States are especially encouraging.

We have one rebel State back again—Tennessee. Before she had been finally restored, her delegates to a National convention gave us Andrew Johnson. Since, her Legislature has given us Senators Fowler and Patterson.

Yet these are men of high character, compared with those now coming up from the South. There are whole delegations to the House from large Southern States that do not contain one man as reputable in private life, or as respectable in ability and experience as Senator Fowler.—There are plenty of them for whom Senator Patterson may stand as the type. 'God only knows what we are to do with these creatures,' exclaimed one of the leading members of the Republican party, and one of its most prominent Congressmen.—'They seem to be without character at home; they have not very much hope of retaining their hold on their districts after the first election; and a good many of them are sure to go in for making the most they can out of their positions while they have them.' Perhaps the Congressman was severe in his judgment; but there is no doubt that the feeling among many of the leaders grows to be that in seeking for Republican strength at the South, we have got a very large elephant of very uncertain disposition on our hands."

This is a very sorry picture, it must be confessed. But the Republicans ought not to be unreasonable. In looking out for elements of strength at the South, they wisely or unwisely ignored the antecedents of those, who wept at the sight of the old flag. They were, with rare exceptions, old negro-traders, life-long nullifiers and Yankee-haters, who hailed emancipation and the restoration of the Union with such unbounded enthusiasm. The Republicans did not ask them what have you been? but what are you now? Are you base enough for our present purposes? And the renegades replied, "we are!"

Now we think that the Republicans are unreasonable in raising any doubts about this statement. Its frankness should not excite any suspicions of its truthfulness. The Republicans need not have any fears, that, these men are not ready and willing to do any thing dishonest and disreputable that may be imposed upon them.—They will be as true as steel to the Republicans as long as they remain in power, and can pay them well. After the Fall elections, the Southern loyalists will be fierce in their denunciations of the Radical party and violent opponents of negro suffrage.

Nor should the Republicans expect too much. Renegades are proverbial for zeal and want of stability. Let the party of great moral ideas purify themselves and thus set a pure example to the old

nullifiers and negro traders. Ben Wade gives this opinion of the reckless expenditure and corruption of his own party.

"We cannot stand this frightful system of public expenditures. Its effect is demoralizing upon every branch of the Government; and, besides, the people are heavily pressed by taxes, and won't stand it much longer. We must economise—everywhere, if possible, but especially at the points of our greatest expenditure—the army and navy. Then I believe there's another thing we've got to do. The party can't live without it; and what's more important, the country can't prosper. *We must stop this outrageous system of fraud and peculation. The Government can't stagger under it much longer.*"

It is supposed that honest old Ben, after thus exposing the wickedness of his colleagues, swore a score or two of oaths, partly to give emphasis to his declarations and partly to illustrate the principles of the party of great moral ideas.

Don Piatt, a truly loyal Republican, of the straitest sect of haters of Democracy, does not compliment his colleagues any more than does honest old Ben. Hear the Don:

"We could have survived a blunder great as this is, had it come alone, but it is the concluding act of a long series. Through the unsettled condition of a country suffering from civil wars, *we have developed more rascality than any organization ever called into existence. We filled the offices with thieves and their pockets with stealings. We have organized rings, that in turn create officeholders and control the Government. Men go in poor and come out rich.* For one dollar paid to the Government from hard earned taxes, hundreds stick to the dirty fingers of official scoundrels. We have whisky rings, Indian Bureau rings, manufactures' rings, railroad rings, land jobbing rings, and internal rings. From the lowest official up to Senators and Cabinet officers, the taint of corruption runs, until the people dazed and confused confound the right and listen with indifference to the threats of exposure.

At the end of a fearful war, the people had a right to expect that the expenses of the Government should be brought back, at once, to a peace footing. They demanded a reduction of the army to what it was in 1860; that the useless monitors should be sold for old iron; that the hundred thousand thieves, called office holders, should be dismissed, and the appropriations cut down to a reasonable expenditure.

The people have expected that in our hands reconstruction at the South would progress with reasonable speed, and that unhappy region be restored to a state of quiet and prosperity. The expectation might not be reasonable, *for the blind bigotry that hurried us into a bloody war has developed a hate that, with stupid fury, casts aside all social and legal restraint.*"

This is pretty satisfactory evidence that the people are right in their determination to turn out a party so utterly depraved and unprincipled. But the testimony of *The Revolution* is still more conclusive. This is a thoroughly loyal paper, full of love for the negro and hatred of slavery and the Southern people, and therefore up to the Republican standard of patriotism. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is the Editor, and Miss Susan B. Anthony, Proprietor of this loyal and patriotic paper,

and the testimony of these distinguished and enterprising ladies is overwhelming against their colleagues and coadjutors. We will give a few extracts from the only number we have seen, dated May 14, 1868.

"The party now in power is the most corrupt and dangerous that has ruled this nation from the foundation of the Government, and although its effort for the last eight years has been simply to perpetuate itself, yet it has succeeded in making the American people believe that the life of the nation depends upon its success."

This is from the gentle Mrs. Cady herself, and our Southern training does not permit us to utter one word in opposition to the opinion of the lady. Gentle being! we will not differ with you! The amiable Editor (we use big E, and the masculine termination, as grammatical and appropriate) has no very exalted opinion of "the greatest captain of his age." She says in reference to the nomination of Grant: "A man to govern this nation in the most critical period of its history, who cannot govern his own appetites. We have drunkenness and sensualism enough in high places already. If we would exalt the moral tone of this nation, let our young men just coming on the stage of action, see that vice and weakness disqualify a man for the highest honors of the American people." Very sensible, Mrs. Cady. But who would have thought that the moral-idea party would take up such an individual and seek to exalt him to the highest office in the gift of the nation?

A male writer for the same paper (for even the *Revolution* cannot dispense with the rougher sex) says: "Were the average of the people at large as brusque and brutal as Congress is, society would not be tolerable, if indeed it were not absolutely impossible." What would one of the five Kings think of such a sentiment from a Southern editor? Would it not be regarded as rank treason and rebellion?

But hear him again: "Surely the knaveries and swindlings practiced in, and around, the national capitol, afford some pretext for the not more culpable frauds of the whiskey rings and other great and unrighteous monopolies elsewhere." If the national capitol is really such a cage of unclean animals, (and who can dispute such loyal testimony without being rebellious?) it cannot be sinful to wish to see the beasts driven out.

We will give one more extract from the lovely and frank-spoken Mrs. Cady:

"*The New Slaveholders in the United States.*—American citizens are just beginning to suffer from the High Art Swindling system of slavery, by which 'their bodily toil and the fruits thereof' are taken from them and 'made the property' of government officials and other thieves, national bank men and bond-holders at home and abroad. Three hundred thousand slaveholders before the rebellion lived luxuriously on 'the bodily toil and the fruits thereof' of about four millions colored people called 'slaves.' Since the rebellion, five hundred thousand

government officials and other thieves, national bank men and bondholders live luxuriously on the 'bodily toil and the fruits thereof' of thirty millions of white people called 'free.'—Everywhere, throughout the United States the people are in a straitened condition. They are suffering from the want of money. They work harder than ever, they economize more than ever, and yet they are poorer than ever. Every kind of business is unsatisfactory. Only the few very rich are pleased. The interests of the many are subservient to those of the few."

The State Treasurer of North Carolina under the new régime is an old negro trader, distinguished years ago for his brutality to his slaves. Men of his calling and character are now filling the highest offices in their respective States. What do they think of the opinion of slavery expressed by their loyal sister? What do they think of her calling five hundred thousand government officials by the unsavory epithet "thieves!" Frankly, they respond: "Sisters, we are loyal; as it is in the General Government, so we will make it in the State Government. In our humble way, we will imitate the great leaders of the nation."

A whisky spring has been discovered in Nodaway county, Mo., which contains 32 per cent. of alcohol. The friends of General Grant propose to erect him a summer residence in the neighborhood of the spring.

The *Copperhead*, a very able and sprightly paper, published at Ottumwa, Iowa, tells a good story of one Loughridge, a loyal M. C., or would be M. C. from the 4th Congressional District in that State, who, when drafted, got off on the plea that he "had no teeth and could not bite a cartridge."—The Southern Congressmen should eschew the company of the toothless patriot, lest "evil communications corrupt good manners." They can chew any thing, the iron-clad oath, their previous history, their professions of undying hate to the North, their pro-slavery rant, &c.. &c. But their speciality is "eating dirt."

Harrisonburg, Va., and Louisville, in the county of Kentucky, received charters of incorporation from the State of Virginia, in the same year. Louisville has got somewhat ahead of Harrisonburg.

It is, probably, not fair to expect men of genius to be confined to strict rules of grammar in their speeches and writings. The *poetic license* is tacitly extended to them, as well as to the sons of song. Still, even the most gifted orators and statesmen are expected to make themselves intelligible, and are sharply criticised when they have failed to make themselves understood. Now, who has been able to understand the closing sentence of Gen. Grant's letter of acceptance? The first captain of his age says:

"Peace and universal prosperity, its sequence, with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace."

What is nominative to "will lighten?" Do you answer "peace and prosperity?" What then does the "it" refer to in the next line? There is a plural something, which is to lighten the burden of taxation, and there is a singular something, which is to reduce the national debt. Will some loyal grammarian explain what it is all about? In the preceding clause to the one under consideration, the General says: "I always have respected that will and always shall." Will the same loyal scholar explain what the "shall" refers to? Does he mean to say that he always "shall have respected it?" If not, whose grammar has he used? "Let us have light," as well as "peace."

"I would rather be right than President," was the grand sentiment of Henry Clay, and it will live in the hearts of the American people, as long as they are capable of appreciating nobleness of soul. Some twenty years ago, Hon. W. L. Sharkey, of Mississippi, became a candidate for the office of Chief Justice, (which, in that State, is in the gift of the people) and was warmly supported by the lawyers. An attempt was made to excite a prejudice against him, on the ground that he was the lawyers' candidate. He met the charge boldly and said, "that nothing could gratify him more than to believe that he was the first choice of his legal brethren. He would rather be beaten with the support of those, who knew him best, and could best judge of his qualifications, than to be elected without their votes by men of other callings and professions, who were not so competent to pronounce an opinion upon his fitness for the Bench."

Tried by the standard of Clay and Sharkey, what valuation can be put upon men, who have attained power and place through the votes of the ignorant, debased and depraved? Would they rather be right than have office? Not one of them will be so shameless as to make such a claim. Would they rather be beaten with the support of those, who know them best, than be elected by those who are not capable of judging their qualifications? Not one of them would be so reckless, as to make any such pretence of decency and self-respect. Not one of them has received the support of the virtue and the intelligence of their respective States. Not a single reputable man has voted for any one of them. With an insane greed for office and its emoluments, they have been willing to gain their ends, by cutting themselves adrift forever from respectable people and entering into alliance and fellowship with the most beastly and besotted of the human race.

A terrible rebuke has been administered by General Charles P. Stone, of Massachusetts, to these miserable Southern renegades, as well as to the carpet-bag emissaries from the North, who would disgrace the civilization of Congo and Guinea. General Stone had been offered the nomination of State Senator from three counties of Virginia. In declining the nomination, he says:

"I should lose my self-respect

did I accept a public trust not freely offered, and climb to office by reason of the present peculiar condition of public affairs.

While, by its Constitution, our country claims to be a free Republic, resting upon the consent of all the whole people, no voluntary act of mine shall appear to admit that it is not one—and it would be apparent, should I now be selected from among my peers for the trust in question, that one strong point governing the choice is my mere ability to freely take an abominable test-oath, which disgraces the proposed Constitution of the State, rendering ineligible large numbers of the most honorable and most trustworthy voters and tax-payers within its limits.

I can never accept office under such conditions."

General Stone was a gallant and distinguished Brigadier in the Federal service, and yet he pronounces the Reconstruction measures to be infamous. He ought to be as good a judge of what is loyal and what is not, as the old nullifiers who betrayed the Union, (according to their present views) then the Confederacy, and finally the trust and confidence of Mr. Johnson. The difference between him and them accounts for the difference between his conduct and their misconduct. *He* is a high-toned gentleman, who "would rather be right than be President." *They*—must have office at all hazards.

An exchange tells of a pleasant little chat between Gen. Butler, U. S. A., and the Hon. Mr. Bingham, who was so prominent in the hanging of Mrs. Surratt.—Gen. B. called Bingham "*a lady-killer.*" Blushing at the compliment, the Honorable gentleman replied: "Well, General, if you really have all the female apparel and jewelry, which you are said to have, you must have quite *taking-ways* with the ladies!"

There are several things in the article on the causes of "Decay in Religion at the South," from which we totally dissent. It is unquestionably the duty of the "five districts" to submit to the will of the conqueror with what fortitude and cheerfulness, they can summon to support them in this dark hour of trial. Nor need the writer of that article begrudge the prayers that are offered for our rulers. They certainly need praying for, and if they can be improved thereby, no reasonable man ought to object. We think, too, that Mr. Manigault is mistaken in regard to the insincere professions of attachment to the government once sought to be destroyed by those, who now pray for its peace and prosperity. There is no evidence of insincerity, or inconsistency in the truly good men of the South, who never wished for the destruction of the United States Government: all they wanted was to establish a nationality of their own, unmolested by the interference, the slanders, the wrong-doing and the corruption of the party of hate and ruin. They failed in their effort, and now acknowledge their failure with manly resignation. The arms-bearing portion of the South have sworn to submit in good faith and they have been true to their pledges. The

most law-abiding and conservative people of Dixie are those, who fought most faithfully and zealously for the dear Southern cross. A distinguished Federal General said to the editor of this magazine, that the most trust-worthy and reliable men, whom he had found in a three years' residence in the South, were those who had worn the grey. He has associated with him several, who lost arms and legs in our noble cause. The honorable men, who once wore the grey, have just as much faith at this hour in the truth and righteousness of that cause, as when McClellan was hurled back from Richmond. Father Ryan, in the *Banner of the South*, has beautifully and eloquently expressed the sentiments of the honorable men of his section:

"The surrender of the sword is no argument against the causes which drew it from the scabbard. Shot and shell do not reason—they slaughter—and slaughter, be it more or less, is only slaughter—it is no argument for or against the rights of those, who kill or are killed. Bullets may mangle flesh—spill blood—slay men—but they can never reach the vital principles, for which men contend.—These principles are beyond the range of muskets and cannon.—Battle-fields may be the burial-places of men—never of rights.—Above the smoke and storm of battles, unaffected by victory or defeat, calm, and immovable, Justice sits on her eternal throne, and in her eyes is right and right forever—wrong is eternally wrong—and trampled right is grander than triumphant wrong. From the decision given against us in the court of battle we there appeal; and these decisions we carry up to the high court for reversal. This, and this alone, was settled by battle—that we were the weaker party. We had less brute force on our side and we were obliged to yield to the superior strength of our assailants. The armies and government of the Confederacy were but the mortal flesh and blood of an immortal cause."

God rules in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of earth. All that the high-toned men of the North expect of their brave antagonists at the South, is the acceptance in good faith of God's will manifested in the defeat of the Southern arms. They want no hypocritical tears at the sight of the "dear old flag." They want no hollow professions of Unionism, concealed so carefully during the long years of war that wife, nor children, nor confidential friends could ever discover it.

A few men at the South wished the *destruction* of the United States government, and sought to compass their object during a quarter of a century, breathing out threatenings and slaughter during all that long period against Abolitionists at home and Yankees across the border. They are the same men, who wept tears of joy at the sight of "the flag of the nation," and embraced its lovely folds with such affectionate ardor. They are now loyal governors, treasurers, judges, &c., all over the States lately in rebellion.

The *Norfolk Virginian*, edited by the poet and scholar, James Barron Hope, gives a truthful, but humiliating view of the kind

of literature supported by the Southern people. It says:

"We see upon our streets, in our shops, in our offices, in our cars, on our steamboats—everywhere, pictorial papers, printed mainly in New York, which are eagerly bought; while the *Land We Love*, the *Banner of the South*, and numberless other meritorious publications, are supported only by a small class of our people. This is a humiliating reflection, but nevertheless true.—Our people prefer the spread-eagle literature and the leg-pictures to the inspirations of our poets, or the best reflections of our thinkers. But bad as the pictures are, the 'literature,' commonly so-called, is infinitely worse. We find them all filled with "sensations' of a licentious character. Sands and Dumas have lent their sensuous coloring, without a gleam of their genius; and the Cardinal Sins are assiduouly taught both by text and illustration. Not only do these papers corrupt the public morals, but they perpetually affront the mind of a Southern reader, by indulging in the most reckless partisan statements in the interests of the Radical party."

We have been at some pains to ascertain the relative support given to Northern and Southern literature at the South. The statistics are truly wonderful. Excluding political, agricultural and religious papers, and confining our examination strictly to literary periodicals, quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies, we have found that the ratio of Northern to Southern was 8 to 1, where Northern literature was least taken, and 240 Northern, to one Southern, where the Northern was most patronized. The city, where the proportion is so great against Southern literature, is preëminently a Southern city in feeling and principle. If any one is inclined to question the accuracy of this estimate, let him go to his own Post-Office and let him see the kind of reading matter sold by the news-boys on his own streets. He will see how little support is given to Southern literature, and he will discover, moreover, that what comes from abroad, is of the most corrupting character; pandering to low sensualism, or devoted to the propagation of some infidel scheme, or gotten up to libel and vilify the South, or crammed with statistics of crime, or given over to a namby-pamby sentimentalism. Christian parents purchase and take home to their families these vicious and demoralizing periodicals, and never seem to feel that they are thereby poisoning the minds, and corrupting the hearts of those, they love as their own souls. They would carefully guard their children from evil company, not reflecting that the reading of impure and wicked books and papers is at once the most subtle and dangerous form, in which sin tempts the youthful mind.

A Hard Case.—The Rev. Mr. Ferree, agent of the Freedmen's Bureau at Leesburg, Va., has been dismissed from office for pocketing certain fines and fees, which belonged to the Freedmen. It seems a hard case, a very hard case, for the Reverend gentleman to be punished for discharging the legitimate duty of the Bureau.

We have long thought that the

very best service, that the Southern people could render the Democratic Party, would be the collecting of the statistics of the fines imposed by the Bureau throughout our unhappy section. Let the Democratic Club or Association of every county in each of the Southern States get accurate and authentic information of the fines extorted from the whites, and then ascertain, so far as practicable, what disposition has been made of these funds. If one dollar, out of a thousand collected, has been given either to the negroes or reported to Gen. Howard, we will frankly acknowledge that the officials of the Bureau are a hundred fold more honest, than we now believe them to be.

On the 17th day of December, 1862, Gen. Grant, then commanding the Department of Tennessee, published, at Oxford, Miss., an order banishing all Jews out of his Department. The following is a copy of the order:

General Order, No. 11.

The Jews, as a class, violating every regulation of trade established by the Treasury Department, also Department orders, are hereby expelled from the Department within twenty-four hours from the receipt of this order by post commanders.

They will see that all this class of people are furnished with passes and required to leave; and any one returning after such notification will be arrested and held in confinement until an opportunity occurs of sending them out as prisoners, unless furnished with permits from these headquarters.

No passes will be given these people to visit headquarters for the purpose of making personal application for trade permits.

By order of Maj. Gen. Grant.

JOHN A. RAWLING, A. A. G.

Official—J. LOVELL, Captain and A. A. G.

Gen. Grant seems not to be aware that the time has passed, when the Jews could be roasted alive as a pleasant pastime, and when a needy king or a hungry feudal lord could stretch a Jew upon the rack and extort from him gold and silver to replenish his empty coffers. Nor does "the first captain of his age" seem to be aware that "this class" and "this people," so contemptuously alluded to, have produced the greatest warriors, statesmen, poets, scholars, financiers and diplomatists. He himself might have studied with profit the campaigns of Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus. Will it be worth while to tell him that Lord Chatham read the writings of Isaiah, the Jew, as the best preparation for a forensic effort? That Milton, Dante, Calderon, Pope, Byron, Tennyson, and hundreds of lesser poets have drawn their most beautiful imagery from Hebrew poetry?—That the common law system of the civilized world is founded upon the code of Moses, the Hebrew leader? Washburne may reply for him that these Israelites were inspired men. *That* only heightens the insult to the race. They were inspired, *because* they belonged to the chosen people of God—the people selected (according to the General's own faith) to bring forth the incarnate Deity. If not profane, it is certainly in bad taste, in a Christian to sneer at the lineage of Peter, Paul and

John, and the Redeemer, whom he professes to worship.

But leaving out the religious and inspired element in the Jewish history, there is still a brilliant list of illustrious names, which have shed lustre upon the Jewish annals. As the worldly maxims of Solomon are admired, quoted and acted upon, by nations ignorant or regardless of his character as a man of God, so the genius and the deeds of eminent Jews have been extolled by thousands, who knew not that they were commending the talents and the exploits of "this class of people." Unless the name distinctly points to Hebrew origin, it is not suspected to belong to a Jew, and as the Israelites have adopted, in very many instances, the prominent names in the land of their abode, and, possibly, of their nativity, their lineage is lost sight of. Thus few suspect that Neander, the eminent historian of the Christian Church, was a Jew by birth: that Salvator Rosa, the celebrated painter, was a Jew; that Meyerbeer, the great composer, was a Jew, and that Hassan, the astronomer, was a Jew: but all recognize the Jewish origin of Rachel, the tragedian, and Moses Ben Ezra, the poet, because their names indicate their race. The *National Quarterly Review* justly remarks:

"Only a few of the literary and scientific men of the present age who are Jews, are known as such. Some of the most learned critics and comparative philologists of France and Germany are Jews. It is only those who have characteristic names that are known to the public as belonging to the persecuted and despised race to which belonged David and Solomon, Paul and John the Evangelist, nay, Jesus Christ himself. But had we no Jewish men of genius but Moses Mendelssohn and Salvator Rosa, they should be sufficient to awaken kind feelings in favor of their brethren. This is particularly true of Mendelssohn, who is one of the greatest metaphysical and philosophical writers of modern times, and whom no offers or inducements could induce to abandon the faith of his fathers. It is, however, equally true of the astronomers Stern, Beer, and Slonimski, and of the mathematicians Sklow and Witzenhausen. There are no Orientalists of the present day superior to Oppert, Weil, and Dernburg; no anatomist superior to Hirshfield; no physiologist superior to Valentin; how few composers have given us sweeter music than Meyerbeer? and how few have shed more lustre on the genius of tragedy than Rachel?

The Polish and German names of some of these persons have concealed the race to which they belong. So it has been with the Arabic names of Hasdai, the mathematician, Menahem the lexicographer, and Abulmalud, the grammarian. So the Spanish name of General Marquez, who fought so truly and bravely for Maximilian, has given the impression that he was a Spaniard and not a Jew. Thousands have read the books and tales of Grace Aguilar, without dreaming of her being of the Jewish race. Twelve of the Professors of the University of Berlin are Jews by birth. The diplomacy and the monetary affairs of the Courts of Europe have been largely controlled by Jews for more than a

century, while the name of the diplomatist or the financier has given no clue to his lineage.

For the benefit of those, who speak flippantly of "this class," we will mention some Jews, who have been quite as illustrious as the scorners themselves: Eusebius, the historian; Philo, of Alexandria, a prodigy of learning; Judah Cohen, the friend and counselor of Frederick; Raschi, the traveler and scholar; Reuchlin, the philologist, (if we mistake not;) Orobio, the philosopher; Maimonides, to whom Spanish literature is so much indebted, and from whom Spanish writers have borrowed so freely; Moses Mendelsshon, the "Jewish Socrates," and friend of Lessing; Salvator Rosa, the painter; the Rothschilds and Heine, the great bankers of the world; Disraeli, the author; Sir Moses Montefiore, the philanthropist; Prof. Bopp, Maurice Myer, Rapaport; Isaac Leeser, Judge Cardozo, &c., &c.

It may be well, too, to remind the scorners that the Premier of "the Kingdom upon which the sun never sets" is Disraeli, the Jew. The London *Spectator* says of him:

"The brain ought to rule the body, and Mr. Disraeli's elevation to the avowed chieftainship of the Tory party seems to us, therefore, not only natural, but right. He has for many years found them ability, lent them eloquence, secured them organization, been in fact the centre of their whole nervous system, and it was fitting that his mastery should be publicly acknowledged, that the man, who has re-made the House of Commons, should first essay to use the mighty machine he has constructed. * * With a birth, which of itself aroused prejudice, without a relative, without an acre, obviously a rhetorician, and presumably hungering for place, in the teeth of a fire of criticism such as hardly ever has been poured upon any public man, he has fought his way step by step up the ladder of power, has used dukes and earls as stepping stones, and compelled two generations of men, 'acred up to their lips, consolled up to their chins,' to recognize in the 'adventurer,' who failed in his first speech, the 'kinless loon' without a shilling, their inevitable chief."

It may be well, too, to remind "the first captain of his age," whom his admirers pronounce to be greater than Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon, that Napoleon Bonaparte was the first French ruler who removed the civil and political disabilities of "this people." Grant may be greater than Napoleon, but he is hardly so magnanimous. At the very time he was speaking so contemptuously of "this class," Russia, Austria, Prussia, the Netherlands, France, England, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Sardinia were enrolling illustrious Jews in the order of nobility.

Old Thad., the brain of the Republican party, has shown a spirit of intolerance against the Jews equal to the persecuting zeal of General Grant. He has published a lengthy letter on Finance full of insinuations of frauds and peculations on the part of the Jews. The *Jewish Messenger* thus comments on it:

"*Thaddeus Stevens on Finance.*—Mr. Stevens being aged and on the verge of the grave, may be par-

doned extravagances of statement and childish garrulity, but while he possesses the power of writing a four column letter on finance, he is certainly strong enough to explain, if facts permit, the innuendoes against the Jews as contained in his pronunciamento on the National Debt and kindred subjects.

The day for open accusation of the Jews that they are counterfeiters of the currency, clippers of coin, enemies of the country, one might justly suppose had passed away with the fagot and the Inquisition. It is contrary to the American spirit to indulge in invidious calumnies directed against a creed or confession. Mr. Stevens has no right to charge upon the Jews any share in the national bankruptcy, as he would denominate it, or to insinuate that, while the government securities depreciated, and articles needed for war advanced, the Jews were the men that made money out of the country's necessities."

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.—The schools in Winchester, Virginia, are located in one of the most beautiful, picturesque and healthful regions in the world, among a brave, patriotic, and high-toned people. We know, of our personal knowledge, that the Principals have the high qualifications required for their station, scholarship, ability and moral worth—the whole adorned by genial and sincere piety.

Baltimore is a sacred city, with the impoverished people of the South. It has done more to relieve the want, wretchedness and suffering of this distressed section than all the other cities of the Union combined have done. The charity, too, of this benevolent city has been as gentle and quiet as the dew of Heaven. It has been accompanied with no Beecherian display of superior goodness and insulting allusions to the sins of the sufferers. The mountebank Pharisee of Brooklyn ushered in his few crusts and coppers, with a deafening roll of drums and clangor of gongs. Baltimore has given noble donations without the left hand knowing what the right hand did. Every consideration of gratitude should induce the Southern merchant to patronize a city, so refined and delicate in its generosity. When prosperity shall again visit our unhappy region through a wiser and more magnanimous system of legislation, the South should remember the true friend she had in her hour of sorrow and humiliation. Baltimore is an importing city, and our merchants have only to visit it to learn for themselves that they can purchase there on as fair terms, as any where on the continent.

To Missouri Subscribers.—Our St. Louis Agent failed in business, in arrears to us some thirteen months. We learn that he had taken subscriptions in various parts of the State, for which we are responsible. Subscribers sending in their names will have their claims made good.

REPUDIATION.—A RHYME FOR THE TIMES.—This is a campaign pamphlet of 29 pages, by N. C. Kouns, of Fulton, Missouri.—Mr. Kouns is a true poet, and his pamphlet deserves great success. Price, 25 cents per copy, or $15 per 100.

ARIEL.*

4. His argument from Creation. Gradation marks all the works of God. In the animal creation, from the lowest of each species, we ascend the scale to the highest. Thus, cat, cougar, panther, leopard, tiger, lion. Also, ass, donkey, mule, horse. So too, "in philosophic harmony with this order," we have "monkey, baboon, ourang-outang, gorilla, *negro!* the noblest of the beast creation!" "The difference between the negro and these other beasts is very slight, and consists mainly in this one thing: the negro can utter sounds that can be imitated; hence he could talk with Adam and Eve, for they could imitate his sounds. *This is the foundation of language!!*"—Language came then from beasts, and beasts taught it to men! This being so, *negro* should cap the climax, and man be located between negro and gorilla! As conversation is no more than imitation, parrots converse with men, and men converse with beasts!

The theory of "connecting links," held, for the most part, by pretenders to philosophy, has been exploded by science. Professor Guyot says, that facts prove "that there is an impassable chasm between the mineral and the plant, between the plant and the animal, between the animal and man." The microscope proves the truth of the inspired declaration, that "God hath made of *one blood* all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." The blood of the different varieties of the Human Race, including the Negro, has been examined by the microscope, and its decision is, that their blood *is one and the same*, whilst the blood of *animals* has, by it, been proved to be different. Physiology also shows, that whilst the blood of one man, including that of the negro, may be transfused into the veins of another, to preserve life, the transfusion of the blood of an animal into the veins of a man, will cause death.

"The greatest naturalists in all ages," says Dr. Bachman, "however diversified may have been their views in regard to Christianity, regarded all the races of men as composed of one species. Among these were Linnæus, Leibnitz, Buffon, Humboldt, Blumenbach, Cuvier, &c., the lights of the world, who studied all the departments of nature.—And who are on the opposite side? Virey,—who pronounces the negro 'undoubtedly a distinct species from the beginning of the world,' and divides mankind into two species, the white and the black, and suspects a certain fraternity between the Hottentot and the baboon—Desmoulin, Borey, Broc, Dr. Nott; men whom the world of science has never admitted into their ranks as naturalists." To make up what is lacking in weight, the name of Agassiz is thrown into the same scale with these sciolists, and he is regarded as the Oracle whose sentence settles all controversy. But, like some

* Continued from page 273.

other oracles, his utterances are not consistent. For example, we have, at one time, the following deliverance from him: "Whilst the lower animals are of distinct species in the different zoological provinces to which they belong, man, notwithstanding the diversity of his races, constitutes *one only and the same species*, over all the surface of the globe. In this respect, as well as in so many others, man seems to us to form an exception to the general rule in this creation, of which he is at the same time the object and the end." "Man is everywhere *the one identical species*, yet several races, marked by certain peculiarities of features," and these "differences in the physical constitution of man" are ascribed to "*varieties of climate, food, modes of life and customs.*"

At another time, we have the following deliverance from him: "The different races of men are descended from different stocks." At another time, the following: "He believed in an *indefinite* number of original and distinctly created races of men."

Let those, who appeal to Agassiz as a decisive authority, reconcile, if they can, these antagonistic opinions;—and when they would give us an oracle, give us one who at least does not deny himself.

The "prognathous skull," (projecting lower jaw,) which is said by some to be characteristic of the negro, is yet exhibited by only a portion of the natives of Africa; some even of the black nations have an erect face, prominent forehead, and fine features. The facial angle of the European is 80 deg., Kalmuck 75 deg., Negro 70 deg., whilst the facial angle of the Ape is shown, by Owen, to vary from 30 deg. to 35 deg. The conformation of the Chinese and Peruvian heads is as distant from the Grecian or Caucasian type, as that of the Negro. We consider

5. His argument from the Negro not being made in the Image of God. "We read in the Bible, that God said, Let us make man in our own image; which is equivalent to saying, We have *man* already, but not *in our image*; for if the negro was already in God's image, God could not have said, now let us make man in *our* image." "Whenever Adam and his race are spoken of in the Hebrew Scriptures, invariably his name has the prefix, *the* man, to contradistinguish him from the negro, who is called *man* simply, and was so named by Adam."—The negro taught Adam *language*, and now Adam returns the service, and gives a *name* to his instructor, and calls him *man!*—"By inattention to this distinction, ('man,' and 'the man,') made by God Himself, the world is indebted for the confusion that exists regarding Adam and his race, and the negro."

The distinction being so important, and the neglect of it having produced so much mischief, let us therefore, by all means, acknowledge it—provided it be true. Is it then true? must be the first inquiry. Accordingly, we turn to the Hebrew Bible, and find that in the following passages where 'man' is used, the prefix *the* is wanting. And as, according to

this distinguished scholar, in all such passages, *negro* (who is a beast,) is meant, we shall therefore, substitute 'negro' for 'man':

Gen. 1:26. "Let us make *negro*, (or *beast*,) in our image!!" (no prefix here.)

Gen. 6:3. "My Spirit shall not always strive with *negro*, (or *beast.*")

Neh. 6:29. "They sinned against my judgments, which if a *negro* (or *beast*) do, he shall live in them."

Job 11:12. "Though *negro* (or *beast*) be born like a wild ass's colt."

Job 14:1. "*Negro*, (or *beast*) *that is born of a woman!* is of a few days, and full of trouble."

Ps. 8:5. "What is the son of *negro* (or *beast*) that Thou visitest him?"

Ps. 36:7. "O Lord, Thou preservest *negro*, (or *beast*,) and beast."

Ps. 36:8. "Therefore the children of *negroes* (or *beasts*) put their trust in Thee."

Ps. 45:3. "Thou art fairer than the children of *negroes* (or *beasts.*")

Ps. 68:19. "Thou hast received gifts for *negroes*, (or *beasts.*")

Ps. 73:5. "Neither are they (the wicked) plagued like other *negroes*, (or *beasts.*")

Ps. 86:6. "Blessed is the *negro* (or *beast*) whose strength is in Thee."

Prov. 16:1. "The preparations of the heart in *negro* (or *beast*,) are from the Lord."

Prov. 20:27. "The spirit of *negro* (or *beast*) is the candle of the Lord."

Prov. 27:19. "As in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to *negro* (or *beast.*")

Prov. 28:23. "He that rebuketh a *negro* (or *beast*,) afterwards shall find more favor than he that flattereth with the tongue!"

Eccle. 7:20. "There is not a just *negro* (or *beast*) upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not."

Eccle. 8:1. "A *negro's* (or *beast's*) wisdom maketh his face to shine!!"

Ezek. 3:17. "Son of *negro* (or *beast*,) I have made thee a watchman."

Ezek. 11:4. "Prophesy, O son of *negro* (or *beast.*")

Hosea. 6:7. "But they like *negroes* (or *beasts*) have transgressed the covenant."

Micah. 6:8. "He hath shewed thee, O, *negro* (or *beast*) what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Mal. 3:8. "Will a *negro* (or *beast*) rob God?"

What an accomplished Hebrew scholar!

Other passages could be adduced, but these are abundantly sufficient to signalize the ignorance and impudence of this shameless upstart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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I take pleasure in informing the public at large that I have again made preparations for the manufacture, on a scale adequate to the increased demand, of the so well and favorably known

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Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhoea,
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and by thousands of North Carolina soldiers in the late war, who have found it, in the different miasmatic diseases contracted in camp, a safe and certain cure.

This remedy is so well known that any recommendation is deemed utterly unnecessary, although I can refer with pride *to actual consumers in your midst who are willing to testify to its efficacy.*

Wholesale and retail at my store in Charlotte, N. C., and at all Druggists.

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STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

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Also

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*** See article on the Use of Shell Lime in July number of "The Land We Love."

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We are prepared to furnish

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In quantities to suit, at the lowest market rates, and on the best terms. Can deliver vessel-loads on either of the Virginia, North or South Carolina Rivers, and will take time paper, *with good Baltimore* endorsers, in payment.

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We are agents for the Indianapolis, Ind. Ground Bone, which is warranted to surpass any Bone sold in this city in point of Excellence.

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Lodi Co's. Poudrette, both common and refined.

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Aug—1868.

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WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,

GREENBRIER COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA.

THE undersigned, lessees of this *old and well known watering place*, announce that, encouraged by the liberal patronage received last season, they have largely added to the accommodations, in comfort and appearance, and are prepared to entertain 1,500 guests.

THE BATHING ACCOMMODATIONS are in fine order. *Hot and Warm Sulphur Baths*, so eminently efficacious in many cases, are at the command of visitors at all hours.

In addition to other amusements, they have provided a new and elegant BOWLING ALLEY, and BILLIARD ROOMS conveniently located.

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A good LIVERY STABLE will be kept on the premises.

The completion of the Virginia Central Railroad, to Covington, leaves only twenty miles staging, through a beautiful mountain country over a well-graded turnpike.

TERMS: $3 per day, and $80 per month. Children under ten years of age, and colored servants, half price; white servants according to accommodation.

PEYTON & CO.

Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, April 18, '68.

June—3m

HOME PRODUCTION.

NORTH STATE WASHING MACHINE---BEST IN USE.

Patented October 15th, 1867, by the Subscribers and Manufacturers, at Charlotte, North Carolina.

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In the North State Washing Machine, the Clothes are placed in hot suds and while thus immersed with the air excluded, the Machine is operated, giving the garments a rolling, rubbing pressure, and at the same time they receive the solvent power of the soap.

This Machine gives the advantage of using boiling suds and of confining the steam. It can be worked sitting or standing. It is cheap. The price of it puts it within reach of nearly every family, and pays its cost back in saving of the garments.

TRY IT! TRY IT!! BUY IT!!!

Manufactured and sold by BERNHARDT & HOUSTON, Charlotte, N. C.

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Charlotte, N. C., February 25, 1868.—Messrs. Bernhardt & Houston:—I have had your Machine in use for two months, and feel that I can recommend it as decidedly *the* best I have ever tried, it saves at least *half* the labor, and the washing is done with much less soap, than by the old process. When I first procured the Machine, the servants seemed averse to using it, but now say they would not be without it. To use the expression of one of them, to me, the other day—"'tis a good help and no mistake." MRS. M. A. BURWELL,
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Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 30, 1867.—Messrs. Bernhardt & Houston:—Sirs: I have tried your Washing Machine, and fully concur in everything that Mrs. Burwell says in regard to it. Yours, truly,
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Messrs. Bernhardt & Houston:—We use the "North State Washing Machine" at the College, and are happy to state that it gives entire satisfaction. It is admirably constructed, and can be heartily recommended.
MRS. C. F. STACY.

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In hiring servants, my great trouble was to get one that would wash well, and that was my first question. Of course they said yes, but did not always do it. The machine relieves me of that care, for whether a good or bad washer, if they can work the machine (and almost any one can do that) they are obliged to wash well. Very respectfully,

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July—ly*

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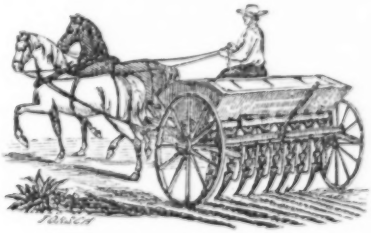

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Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. V. SEPTEMBER, 1868. Vol. V.

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Sept—2m

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